

The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow

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A PIECE OF GOOD NEWS See Below

A MAN AND A WOLF

MASTERING A WILD THING

Strange Adventure of a
Brave Geologist

SCIENTIST VICTIM OF A PLANE CRASH

An encounter between a man and a wolf makes a strange tale in the life of a geologist whose work has come to an end.

He was Reginald Walter Brock, President of the Royal Society of Canada, and his adventure was while he was on one of his journeys in the wilds, where he was happiest. He was on a geological survey of northern British Columbia.

Cast Out of the Camp

Brock was a man of great physical strength, and loved wild animals, which were also remarkably attracted to him. While he was on a survey a wolf separated itself from a band prowling about Brock's camp and came in among the tents seeking for food, which it was given. The wolf liked its fare, and liked the camp up to a point, but made no secret of the fact that it was friendly only when being fed. It had no use for its hosts beyond that, and made this plain.

It became clear to Brock that if the wolf were to remain any longer it must recognise that the camp had a master, and he accordingly seized the wolf, beat it after a fair fight in spite of its fierce fangs, and ended the struggle by taking the animal by the scruff of its neck and its tail and throwing it out of camp.

This was in the evening, and when the other men had gone to bed Brock remained sitting by the dying embers of the camp fire. In the stillness of the night he called the wolf. It came. It crept crouching to the fire and lay down at its master's feet.

Faithful as a Dog

Then Brock and the wolf communed together alone. The man presently got up and fed the animal and made a bed for it outside his own tent. From that time the wolf would never leave him. It went back to Vancouver with him and lived in his house for twelve years, the devoted friend and protector of his children, taking part in all their games and accompanying them everywhere. No faithful dog was ever more mourned at its death.

Dr Brock was a man of sterling character, admired and loved by all who knew him (apart from the great services he rendered as Director of Canada's Geological Survey), and a Briton of whom the old country might be proud. When the war broke out he



THE LAST DAYS OF SUMMER

A NATION'S TERRIBLE CHOICE

WEEKS mount into months and still the man-to-man struggle for mastery in Spain goes on.

Sometimes it seems as if the forces under General Franco coming from the South, and under General Mola pressing on from the North, must shut up Madrid in a ring of artillery and compel the Government to surrender.

At other times (as when the Government militia mined the Alcazar at

Continued from column one

obtained leave of absence and enlisted in the 72nd Seaforth Highlanders of Vancouver. He served as Major Brock under Allenby in Palestine, and when the war was over went back to his duties as a professor in the University of British Columbia.

His valuable energetic life was sadly ended (his wife dying with him) by an aeroplane crash in the same year that he was elected President of Canada's Royal Society; and we came upon this story of him in the Geological Society's Quarterly Journal.

Toledo, reducing it to ruins defended by a few desperate men, or when it released a reservoir to flood the Tagus Valley and hold up the advance on Toledo from the south-west) the struggle seems to be no nearer an ending than it was a month ago. As we go to press Toledo has fallen.

Any week may bring a change. It has been said that the Government is willing to come to some sort of an agreement with its enemies. The wish may be father to the rumour, but it must seem to any onlooker that any end would be better than the unending ferocity which is the accompaniment of this most merciless of civil wars.

On whichever side the scales of war dip the victory must be a barren one. No military dictator could enforce his will over Catalonia, the Basque country, peaceful, hardworking, contented Galicia, and barren Andalusia. But anything, any compromise, would be better than the horrible continuance of this war, which will scar the soul and memory of Spain for a lifetime.

GREAT STEP TOWARD RECOVERY

NATIONS TURNING FROM CHAOS

Better Chances For the March
of World Trade

THE GREAT MONEY PUZZLE

One excellent piece of news there is which suggests that the world is growing wiser.

Behind all the tragedy of these dark days, behind all the unemployment and the misery that comes from it, is the economic madness which has set up trade barriers everywhere, and made world trade almost impossible.

Everyone can understand how easy it would be for business men to deal with other nations if one kind of money ran through them all. If every country, for instance, used English money, an English merchant could sell his goods to France as easily as to Birmingham.

Controlling Money Values

It was easy enough in the old days, even with fifty kinds of money in the world, for before the war an English gold sovereign was always worth so many francs and so many dollars; but since the war the rate of exchange has been up and down from day to day so that trade became almost impossible, for men might lose heavily owing to a sudden rise or fall.

It has now been decided by France, America, and Britain to control the relative values of the franc, the dollar, and the pound, so that trading between these three nations (representing over 200 million people) should become easy.

The matter has been made possible by France's action in devaluing the franc—that is to say, in fixing the value of the franc at less than it was, actually something between a quarter or a third less. It is expected that about 21 francs will equal a dollar, and perhaps 105 will equal a pound. If that is so the pound should go back to its old value in America of nearly five dollars.

Better Days Ahead

If it could come about that all the nations would follow this example the world would be well on the way to recovery, and it was very encouraging to find that Belgium, Switzerland, and Holland came into line.

It is too soon to see what will happen, but it is expected that this fixing of international values will prove to be a turning-point for world trade, and it is not too much to hope that the nations may soon find themselves well on the road to recovery. Buying and selling has been killed largely because nations could not pay each other, and now this is to be made possible we may look forward with confidence to better days.

WE MUST BE FREE

MR CHURCHILL ON THE DEMOCRATIC NATIONS

How Should We Like a Spy at Every Corner?

LIBERTY AND PEACE

Mr Winston Churchill has been speaking in Paris on the democratic nations—Britain, France, America, Belgium, Holland, and Scandinavia—and we take these passages from his great address.

There are three kinds of nations in the world: the nations which are governed by the Nazis, the nations which are governed by the Bolsheviks, and the nations which govern themselves. We are interested in the nations which govern themselves through Parliaments freely elected under a democratic franchise.

Freedom and Despotism

In these countries the State exists to protect the rights of the individual, to enable him to make the best of himself, and to secure the free development of family life within the cottage home. We live in countries where the people own the Government and not in countries where the Government owns the people. We have been able to produce a greater material prosperity more widely diffused among the masses of the people than any form of despotism has yet been able to show.

The French, British, or American democracies would be very miserable if they were suddenly put under Nazi or Bolshevik rule. France and England are the chief architects of modern civilisation, and the United States is the heir and champion of our ideas.

How could we bear, nursed as we have been in a free atmosphere, to be gagged and muzzled; to have spies at every corner; to have even private conversation caught up and used against us by the secret police and all their agents and creatures; to be arrested and interned without trial; or to be tried by political or party courts for crimes hitherto unknown to civil law?

Power of Enlightened Ideas

How could we bear to be treated like schoolboys when we are grown-up men; to be turned out on parade by tens of thousands to march and cheer for this slogan or for that; to see philosophers, teachers, and authors bullied and toiled to death in concentration camps; to be forced every hour to conceal the natural normal workings of the human intellect and the pulsations of the human heart?

Rather than submit to such oppression there is no length we would not go.

But good defences alone would never enable us by themselves to survive in the modern grim gigantic world. We must trust something to the power of enlightened ideas. We must trust much to our resolve not to be impatient or quarrelsome or arrogant. We seek peace. We long for peace. We pray for peace. We seek no territory. We aim at no invidious monopoly of raw materials. Our hearts are clean. We have no old scores to repay. We submit ourselves wholeheartedly, nay proudly, to the Covenant of the League of Nations.

The Force of Right

It is the nature of extremists to be violent and furious, whereas the great central mass of good-natured humanity is apt to be feeble in action and leadership. But if the cause of ordered freedom, of representative government, of the rights of the individual against the State is worth defending, it is surely worth defending efficiently. If we are to be drawn into such a competition let us make sure we win. Let us make sure that the force of right is not in the last resort deprived of the right of force. In Britain as in France the great mass of good people mean the right thing. Let those who have the responsibility of leadership make sure that they get it.

THE LEAGUE

ITS WORK GOES ON

No Recognition of Italy's Conquest

HELPING THE REFUGEES

In spite of all the troubles of the world, the League of Nations lives and works, and it is agreed by all the free nations that it has come to the only possible decision concerning Abyssinia.

What time will bring forth no man knows, but the decision of the League to allow the Abyssinian delegate to retain his seat at Geneva stands on record as a refusal to recognise aggression. The League could do no less, and the enormous majority in favour of this course is a striking witness that the world has not changed its mind about the Covenant.

The position is that in the present uncertain state of Abyssinia the League refused to expel its delegate from the Assembly, and therefore refused to recognise Italy's conquest. It remains to be seen whether Italy will renew its campaign and extend its authority over all Abyssinia, in which case a new situation will arise, and it remains also to be seen what will be the final attitude of Italy toward the League.

Behind the Scenes

In any case the work of the League goes on. One of its committees is doing what it can for the 700,000 refugees scattered about the world, some in great suffering, and all homeless. There are the refugees from the Saar, and it is hoped that about 200 families may be sent to Paraguay. There are the Armenian refugees, some of whom are being settled in Syria and Russia, though many of them in Greece and Bulgaria are in a desperate situation. There are the Russian refugees, about 130,000, who are mostly in China; these are chiefly intellectual people, but it is stated that their case is settling itself.

There are over 100,000 refugees from Germany, and among these 15,000 are Jews who are in great need of help; it is expected that their numbers will be increased by about 200 a month.

Those who think the League is done forget that by far the greater part of its work is in matters like this. The work of the League behind the scenes enormously increases the health and happiness of the world, and, whatever happens to it politically, something will have to be kept of the tremendous social organisation the League has built up. There has been nothing like it in the world before.

WHY WE ARE ARMING

Most nations are increasing their armaments. We have entered upon this re-equipment because we felt it to be a national duty. We shall persist in it unless and until nations reach an agreement for the limitation of armaments. Disarmament to be real must be not only military but mental. Not only weapons but war mentality must be laid aside.

Do the nations of the world wish to establish machinery for the settlement of disputes between them without force? If all nations so willed it could be done, and it must be done unless we are prepared to watch with folded hands the final calamity which is the drift of humanity to war.

Mr Eden at the League Assembly

END OF SUMMER TIME

Summer Time ends early in the morning of Sunday, October 4, so all clocks and watches should be put back one hour on Saturday night. See page 16

THE FREE PEOPLE

AND THE OTHERS

Two Voices on Democracy

TOO BIG A TREAT FOR THE GERMAN NATION

Mr Anthony Eden and Herr Hitler have both been talking of Democracy.

To Mr Eden it is something this country will never give up; to Herr Hitler, very surprisingly, it is a treat Germany cannot afford to have given to it.

This is what Mr Eden said at the League Assembly:

Democracy is the epitome of man's endeavours to create the civilisation wherein he can find freedom, individuality, and peace. This does not prevent us realising that other people feel just as strongly about the form of Government they practise and they are just as determined to uphold their traditions. The last thing we wish to see is the nations divided into camps determined by the forms of Government they practise.

The first rule of ordered life between nations is faith in one's own national tenets—toleration for those of others.

Germany's Form of Government

This is what Herr Hitler told the German people:

There may be countries which could treat themselves to democracy. If we possessed 5,000,000 or 6,000,000 square kilometres of colonies, if we had only six or eight people to the acre in Germany, if we had a surplus of grain, coal, and raw materials like copper, zinc, tin, if the oil flowed out of our soil as it does elsewhere—perhaps we also could permit democracy.

People could be allowed to talk and jabber as they pleased, for nothing much would go wrong. But when a nation must feed itself out of a scanty soil and possesses no raw materials its whole energy and will must be brought to unity and decisiveness.

We do not want to criticise others if they stand by their democracy—by no means. But Germany will remain loyal to the form of government which alone can secure the conditions of its existence, a form in which there is less talk than action.

LIONS IN THE COUNTRYSIDE

A Peril That Should Be Stopped

Four lions got out of their cage in a travelling circus at Braintree and were reported to have caused much alarm. It is a danger which should surely be stopped.

Alarm is hardly a strong enough word to use in describing this escapade. One lion mauled a donkey so badly that the poor animal had to be destroyed. Another leapt over a sleeping baby in a perambulator. A third found its way through a chicken run into a house leaving a trail of chickens behind. The people in the house climbed out on the roof when the lion came through the window. The fourth lion entered another house, whose aged owner declared he had kept it at bay by the power of the human eye.

This was the only lion which did not cause alarm, and all four were rounded up and returned to the cage. *But how did it come about that they ever escaped from it?*

The escape at Braintree seems to have been a genuine accident, but it is no less scandalous that it should be possible for fierce animals to be running about our English countryside.

LITTLE NEWS REEL

The London County Council loan for £10,000,000 was subscribed for ten times over in five minutes, a staggering success which greatly surprised all concerned.

The annual value of our flower crop is now about seven million pounds.

The Swedish General Election has resulted in the triumphant return to power of the Social Democrats, so that Sweden has a Labour Government again.

There are now 4000 blind men with white sticks supplied by the National Institute for the Blind.

The world's fastest train is now a Diesel-engined train on the Santa Fé Railroad in the United States, which makes the journey between La Junta and Dodge City, 202.4 miles, in 145 minutes at an average speed of 83.7 m.p.h.

The biggest quarry blast ever made in Britain took place at the Llysaen limestone quarries in North Wales last Saturday, when 280,000 tons of rock were dislodged.

Herr Hitler declared that Germany, which now imports a million tons of petrol every year, will in 1939 have no need to import any petrol at all.

Q

Lover of Cornwall and Beloved of England

Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch has been made a freeman of Bodmin, showing once more that a prophet may be honoured in his own Delectable Duchy.

Sir Arthur is a Cornishman of Cornishmen, but it is long since England (knowing him as Q) claimed him for her own.

He has set the world laughing with him as he has told of Troy Town, and the smugglers, and the Methodists, but he has sometimes been able to bring a tear unbidden to the eyes as well.

Who that has read it will ever forget the story of the small invalid boy, brought home on a last voyage from Australia to the home country, who saw as he sank to sleep the twin lights of the Lizard? They told him the fairy tale that these were the lanterns swinging in the hands of the Cornish giants, Cornelian and Cornoran, and, sighing with his failing breath, "I'm so glad to be home," he was content. Where is that tale to be matched for fancy and pity?

There is another side to Q. At our ancient universities he is a Professor of Literature, and so a guardian of "the well of English undefiled." Nobly has he held the bridge, and none has written more persuasively about good English, or has more jealously collected the music of its words in English poetry.

THINGS SEEN

A lorry load of bricks in Kennington traffic with bricks falling off one by one.

The driver of a huge petrol tank smoking his pipe as he drives along.

An A.A. notice spoiling a tree in the Trossachs.

A woman knitting on a tandem cycle driven by her husband.

THINGS SAID

The French Army is the finest in the world. Mr Winston Churchill

The British Fleet is far stronger than in 1914. Mr Churchill

No member shall drink, smoke, or gamble while on tour.

Rules of Australian women's cricket team
I never touch alcohol for 24 hours before an operation.

The late Lord Moynihan

The failure of the League has been due to the fact that its members have not been loyal to it. Mr Anthony Eden

Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch, the chosen spokesman of the Cornish people.

Mayor of Bodmin

WHAT EVERY BOY WANTS

Something He Can Build FRANK HORNBY'S MECCANO AND THE SQUIRE'S PUFFING BILLY

One might almost say of Mr Frank Hornby that anyone seeking his monument need only look around to find it, for he invented Meccano.

Millions of boys, and girls also, spend their pleasantest hours in being engineers in a small way with the shining strips of metal that were Frank Hornby's gift, wrapped up in the magic word Meccano. Building something, making something, is boyhood's most satisfying ambition, and there must have always been in Frank Hornby something of the boy, or the idea would never have come to him.

Birth of a Great Idea

It came to him when he was a comparatively young man, just before the beginning of the 20th century, and it was almost like a present from Santa Claus. He was going to spend Christmas with some nephews and nieces, and was wondering what he should do to amuse them when his train stopped opposite a goods yard with a small crane.

That was it! It came to him in a flash: why not make a crane for the youngsters out of small strips of steel? In that moment Meccano was born.

The more he thought of it afterwards the surer he became that this was the sort of thing every boy wanted, a toy he could put together for himself and make into something like the things that grown-up men were using to do the world's work.

He made the first Meccano set himself in a one-roomed workshop, with a girl to put the parts together. Thirty-six years after the Meccano factory covers five acres and employs 1500 people to make the steel fragments which can be converted into trains and rails on which to run them, aeroplanes, windmills, gear-boxes, houses, bridges, and models of all the works of the mechanical engineer.

Hornby's Meccano was an appeal to a ruling passion of boyhood which may, and often does, survive to manhood, though other pursuits may compel the energies of the boy as he becomes a man. We are reminded of this universal appeal by the life story of the old Squire of Butleigh, Mr Robert Neville Grenville, who has just passed away from Glastonbury in his 90th year.

The Tower on Glastonbury Tor

When he went to Cambridge nearly 70 years ago he took his boyhood's engineering playthings with him, and put them to such good purpose as to construct a steamboat, his Puffing Billy, to run on the Cam. Long before the days of the motor-car he designed and built a steam road car: and his recreation was sought in the G W R railway shops at Swindon.

This country squire loved nothing better than being on the footplate, and was prouder of nothing than having a locomotive, the Butleigh Court, named after him.

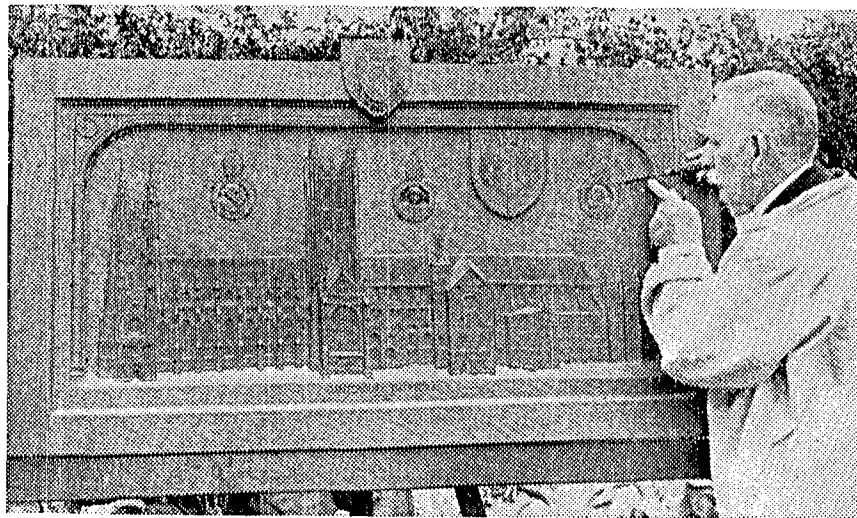
Many other things will be well remembered of him, more especially his love of Glastonbury and the good work he did in preserving its antiquity.

He owned the ancient tower on Glastonbury Tor, and it was his wish that it should become a national possession.

Pronunciations in This Paper

Antioch	An-te-ok
Berosus	Be-roe-sus
Hamal	Ham-awl
Hanoi	Hah-noy
Leonidas	Le-on-id-as
Trujillo	Troo-heel-yo
Zutphen	Zoot-fen

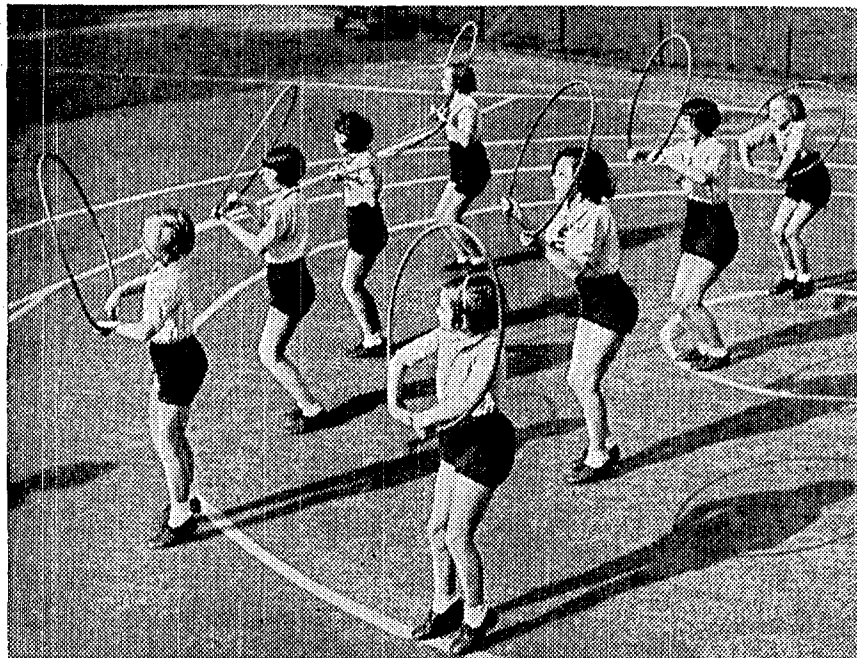
News Pictures of the Week



England's Mother Church—Canterbury Cathedral being carved on wood by Mr Frank Rosier



Justice—The figure on the new Sheriff Court buildings in Edinburgh



Skipping With Hoops—In the playground of Archbishop Tenison's School at Lambeth

INDIA LOOKING FORWARD

The Spectacle Before Its People

LOOK AT THE EAST AND AT THE WEST

A profound impression was made in India last week by the address of the Viceroy, Lord Linlithgow, to both Houses of the Legislature at Simla.

It is agreed by all parties that the Viceroy's speech was one of the most effective ever made by a Viceroy, and we take these passages from it. Lord Linlithgow was appealing to all classes to join in an effort to make a success of the great changes in the government of India which begin next April. A wonderful vision confronted them, he said.

THE spectacle that confronts our eyes is rendered more impressive by reason of its contrast with the dark and ominous background of contemporary world events in Europe.

We see an array of dictatorships risen from the ashes of those liberal systems of government which preceded them: each arming feverishly against a possible crisis that all fear and none desire, while civil war in its cruellest and most destructive shape despoils a nation once supreme alike in the Old World and the New. Again, in many parts of the world we become aware of the rule of force and in one guise or another of the exploitation of the weak by the strong.

These are the world conditions in which by the joint statesmanship of Britain and India there is about to be initiated in this country an experiment in representative self-government which for breadth of conception and boldness of design is without parallel in history.

These are the circumstances in which the British people and Parliament have seen fit to offer to India a Constitution which by its liberal principles stands in such impressive contrast to those political tendencies which are evident over wide areas of the world. By their very nature the changes involve nothing less than the discarding of the old ideas of Imperialism for new ideals of partnership and cooperation.

EVERY DOG HIS DAY

At last the Empress of Abyssinia's wire-haired fox terrier has gained a footing in England.

It is in quarantine in London, but a weary road this dog had trod before it was allowed to rest there. It came from Palestine with the Empress, but could not be landed because it had no permit, such as even Royalty must obtain for its pets.

So back it went from Folkestone to Boulogne, and then back again, and then back once more, travelling over the English Channel till the authorisation arrived from the Ministry of Agriculture for it to land.

So at last the terrier ceased to be an undesirable alien, and we hope it will like the country of its refuge.

The tale of its journeying would be comic if it did not remind us of another traveller whom everybody seems politely to put aside and nobody seems to want.

GOODNIGHT, MR SWEEP

Mr J. Martin, a retired chimney-sweep of Doncaster, who recently died at the age of 74, claimed to be the last survivor of the race of sweeps who, as boys, were taught to clean chimneys by climbing up from the inside.

On one occasion, while stuck in an old chimney-stack, an owl attacked him, and he had a fierce fight for his life, eventually succeeding in driving the owl through the top of the stack.

TWO SAND DUNES

OUTSIDE JAFFA

WHAT THEY BECAME

The Dreamer and Founder of a City in the Holy Land

MEIR DIZENGOFF AND HIS MONUMENT

Founder and mayor of Tel Aviv in Palestine, Mr Meir Dizengoff has passed from the scene of his labours leaving a good work behind him to be his monument.

He had laboured in the vineyard past the threescore years and ten that the Psalmist declared to be life's span; but the hardest part of his work was done when, just before he was fifty, he and a few companions bought two sand dunes outside Jaffa. There he built a few houses for the Jews of Jaffa, in what was intended as a garden suburb, and the place soon became popular.

During the war the inhabitants were thrown out, but when it was ended they came back and Dizengoff began to build again among the ruins. The name Tel Aviv means the Mountains of Spring, and this brave and energetic Jew had the faith that moves mountains. He made of Tel Aviv the one entirely Jewish city in the world with a population of 100,000, and manufactures supplying Egypt, Palestine, and Arabia with bricks, cement, cloth and—silk stockings. The city was described in the C.N. a few weeks ago.

A Jew Among Jews

Meir Dizengoff, many of whose fellow Jews had been driven by persecution in Europe to seek a home in Palestine, showed them how to make bricks without straw, and how to make profits with it. He was a Jew among Jews, speaking English seldom, and Hebrew for choice, though he was fluent in Arabic; and his people loved this little dark busy man. He was the Patriarch, the father of the Zionist family.

A street was named after him in this town of fine avenues, modern shops, electric trams, theatres, and libraries, but while Tel Aviv endures he will not be forgotten, for it was his business, his pleasure, his recreation, his life, and the witness of his dearest hope.

When he was a young civil engineer Baron Edmond de Rothschild sent him to Palestine to establish a glass factory there. It failed, but Meir Dizengoff was the sort of man to pluck success out of failure, and Tel Aviv proved it. He was with the Zionist delegation at the Peace Conference, and London and Geneva both knew him well. In last year's Birthday Honours he was made a Commander of the Order of the British Empire.

THE OLD LADY'S POKE BONNETS

Old Sarah Edwards, who has passed on at Hove at 77, was a link with mid-Victorian days, for she used to make poke bonnets.

She learned the trade from her mother, who had been apprenticed to a Shrewsbury firm. The fashion started in about 1875, and the first hats Sarah saw were made for two daughters of a clergyman, who wore them for the remainder of their lives. There is still a village in England where poke bonnets are worn; we may see them at Castle Rising in Norfolk.

The poke bonnet made a hole in the Victorian maiden's purse, for they cost from £1 to 30s. Every season they were sent back to the manufacturer's to be cleaned and re-blocked. So popular was the fashion that at one time 24 firms in North Wales employed hundreds of people in plaiting and weaving these fashionable straw bonnets.

LADDERS OUT OF PLACE

Big Ben Stopped and a Famous Cross Spoiled

Another ladder has been put out of place, this time by a painter.

The painter reared it up in the Clock Tower of the House of Commons, with the result that it stopped the hands of Big Ben at 17 minutes to 9 and kept London wondering what had happened until the hands went round again at 10 o'clock.

Many of us know the ladder that is so often out of place at Chichester, where it is propped up to spoil one of the loveliest market crosses in England; and the moral of all this seems to be that even such useful things as ladders may be a nuisance if they are put where they should not be.

We may believe that the painter's ladder will not stop Big Ben again, but we fear that the clock-winder's ladder still goes on spoiling the beauty of Chichester's famous cross.

FREE ACCESS TO BOOKS

The American Way

American students are encouraged to read books by being given the freest access to them.

At the Conference of the Association of Special Libraries at Oxford Mr Lamar Johnson, of Stephen's College, Columbia, said that they placed books not only in the general library but in classrooms, in department offices, in dormitories, and in the college infirmary. Dormitory and classroom libraries were always open.

A student wishing to borrow a book simply selected the volume, signed his name on the book-card contained in the pocket provided, and placed the card in a small box.

This freedom of access was much appreciated and the loss was negligible.

THE EMPTY CHAIR IN OLD JERUSALEM

In the synagogue of the Sephardim Jews in Jerusalem is a little place of prayer, with lights always burning, where the visitor sees a big chair draped and prepared but never occupied.

The story is told that four centuries ago, when there were few Jews in the city, only nine could be found for worship. The number was not enough, for by Jewish custom there must be ten to make a congregation.

This is based on God's promise to Abraham to spare Sodom if not less than ten righteous men were found in it.

Suddenly a stranger entered and took a place in the congregation. The service then proceeded, but at its conclusion the mysterious stranger could no longer be seen. He could have been no other than Elijah, men said, and from that day to this his place is ready in case he comes again.

HALF A MILLION WINDSCREENS

On the first of January 1932 it became compulsory by a Ministry of Transport regulation for safety-glass to be fitted in the front windows of motor vehicles.

Existing cars were given five years grace, and, as this period expires on the last day of this year, garages are now experiencing a growing demand for the fitting of safety-glass to cars over five years old. Inevitably there will be a big last-minute rush by the owners of old cars to comply with the regulation, for the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders has estimated that something like 300,000 private cars and 200,000 commercial vehicles are now on the road with ordinary glass screens.

Half a million new windcreens to be fitted in less than three months will be a tax on the motor industry, in spite of the fact that this trade works too fast to be highly efficient.

ROUND AND ROUND

AND ROUND

Six Days on Wembley's Track

BICYCLING 2000 MILES IN THE TIME

Wembley's six-days bicycle race ended on Saturday night, and by comparison the Saturday football matches were whirls of excitement.

Not that the six-days race was without its moments. Now and again the cyclists travelling round and round the banked-up track, woke up, and it could be plainly seen, even by a spectator who did not know their names or reputations, that there was excitement, skill, and danger in it. It may have been the prospect of spills which drew the crowd to the strange spectacle.

When the 30 competitors, 15 teams of two men each, from 11 different countries, were not racing in bursts they appeared to be sauntering round the wooden track. One partner of each team had always to keep going, so that when by common consent in the early hours of the day all the teams took breathers their members crawled round, steering with one foot, talking to each other, reading the morning newspaper or letters from home.

An Army of Mechanics

Those off duty either lay down to sleep, or eat, or were massaged in the cabins round the track. They kept an army of mechanics and trainers busy, and when a bicyclist came out to do his duty he generally contrived to look cheerful. In the afternoon and evening when the paying spectators came in, the bicyclists, who are all famous men in France, Spain, or Italy, in America, Germany, Canada, Holland, or elsewhere, usually gave them a run for their money. Most of the nine teams to finish the race travelled 25,000 times round the track, covering about 2000 miles. The winners were two Germans, Gustav Kilian and Heinz Vopel.

But, apart from artificial bursts of excitement, the six-days bicycle race was quite as thrilling to read about as to see. We had thought it as dead as the six-days go-as-you-please walking races at the Agricultural Hall, which were its ancestors 40 years ago. But there is no accounting for tastes, and the promoters of the exhibition must have thought that out of the ten million cyclists now in Great Britain there must have been a large enough number to like it.

But bicycling, which has rejoiced in a second blooming in this country, is the one pastime best enjoyed by the million when they are themselves a wheel.

FIRE THAT LOOKS AFTER ITSELF

A fire that mends itself as it goes out is offering its services to the public.

It uses small coal, which an electrically-driven screw feeds it with as it needs it. No more coal than is needed is supplied because when the fire reaches the proper degree of heat, which can be fixed beforehand, the supply of fuel is stopped.

When, on the other hand, the degree of heat falls below the required temperature the same heat-control device signals that the fire wants more coal, and the screw at once responds by supplying it. In this way the fire is mended all the time, and while the control is in action it can never go out.

At present the fire, which is part of a hotel cooking range, is suitable only for doing the cooking on a large scale. It is shown by the Coal Utilization Council at their Marble Arch showrooms, as an example of the most economical way of using coal. But from the hotel to the domestic kitchen is only a step, and someday the housewife will only have to put the joint in the oven and leave the automatic fire to do the cooking.

THE GREAT ROAD

TRAGEDY

WAKING UP THE COURTS

Magistrates Who Do Not Protect the Public

DRINK AT THE WHEEL

There have been two interesting developments in connection with the great Tragedy of the Roads.

Over thirty national organisations have decided to set up a Road Accidents Emergency Council.

The Home Office has sent a circular letter to magistrates dealing with the treatment of motoring offences.

The idea of the Emergency Council is to bring pressure on the Government to deal more drastically with drunken drivers, to improve roads and through motor traffic, to secure effective regulation of speed, and to obtain fairer compensation for victims. The bodies represented on the Council have millions of members, and anyone interested may write to Lord Elton at Old Headington, Oxford.

The Home Office Letter

The Home Office letter to magistrates calls attention to the grave differences between the treatment of motoring offenders in various districts.

The law at present declares that certain offenders are to be disqualified from driving for twelve months unless there are special reasons otherwise, and it is clear that the intention of Parliament is to teach such offenders how to behave by getting them off the road for at least a year. In practice, however, many magistrates do not disqualify these offenders.

In one district 96 of every 100 offenders were disqualified, while in another district not a single licence was suspended. One district disqualified 91 in every 100 offenders who had been drinking, and in another the number of drunken drivers suspended was only 36 in every 100.

Intention of Parliament

Altogether there were last year nearly 2000 convictions of drunken drivers, and about 600 of them were allowed to return to their driving. For driving dangerously the highest percentage disqualified was 65, but in another district it was 15, so that in this district 85 in every 100 dangerous drivers were allowed to go back to their driving.

The Home Secretary thinks that this state of things calls for serious attention. He points out that it was the clear intention of Parliament that the driving licence should be suspended after certain offences, and that the practice of some courts in finding special reasons against this defeats the intention of Parliament and creates a sense of injustice. The Home Secretary suggests that these figures will lead the courts to consider whether their practice is in accordance with what Parliament intended.

MASSED PARACHUTES

Two thousand parachutists drifted down together like autumn leaves on the fields and villages about Moscow.

The descent was part of the military manoeuvres, and the parachutists on landing imprisoned enemy wireless operators and took their documents.

It was one of the strange sights of the new time, stranger even than Tennyson foresaw when he imagined the world's aerial navies grappling in the central blue. The pity is that this marvellous invention should be put to such vile uses.

THE LITTER LOU'S HIGHEST DUSTBIN

On Top of Ben Nevis

On Ben Nevis the litter lout has been on the top of his form.

He has deposited his leavings about the summit of Scotland's highest mountain till after he has gone it begins to look like a refuse dump.

Concrete pillars have been constructed on the mountain top by the Ordnance Survey to serve as triangulation points for the new survey of Great Britain. On these pillars before they properly hardened the litter lout began by scratching his name or initials.

Last any should be in doubt that he had thereby written himself down as an idiot, he went on to dot the i's by using the pillars as a cockshy for his emptied bottles. He left the broken glass behind with the greasy paper, the fragments of food, the empty cigarette cartons, and the other refuse which mark his trail on less elevated places. We should like to make him ascend the mountain on foot again to bring his litter down.

THE DIVING CAT

Cats do not often like water, but from New South Wales comes a story of a diving fishercat.

Rastus is his name (surely he is black), and he lives at Berowa Waters in a bungalow with a verandah built out over the water. Rastus, like all good cats, is fond of fish, and mullet abound at Berowa from time to time. Long ago Rastus overcame any fears he may have had about water, and practice has made him a perfect diver. When Rastus comes to the surface there is usually a fish in his mouth.

When there are no fish about this curious cat sleeps in the bush, and at night he has been seen, playing with the quaint little teddy bears known as koalas, which come down from the trees to meet him.

TEACHING KINGS TO PLOUGH AND REAP

A very interesting experiment was begun last month at Domboshawa in Southern Rhodesia.

A school has been opened where native chiefs are to be taught important aspects of their duties and responsibilities, particularly toward the soil.

The Rhodesian native is before all things a farmer, but his traditional methods of agriculture are exceedingly wasteful. He cuts down the trees, leaves the stumps in the ground, scratches the surface, plants his seeds, and, when the ground is exhausted, moves on, leaving erosion to complete the ruin of the soil. With his cattle he is equally thriftless, thinking only of numbers and making no provision for food in the lean seasons.

The Government has trained native agriculturists, community demonstrators, and supervisors, and has placed them in the various native reserves.

It is felt, however, that the chiefs should understand the how, why, and wherefore of modern husbandry. To this end a course for chiefs has been introduced, and eight of them, each attended by a counsellor, have assembled at the Native College at Domboshawa. For the present the number is limited by lack of accommodation.

INDIA AND THE LEAGUE

A curious resolution was proposed at the Council of State at Simla last week that India should withdraw from the League of Nations.

The Government trenchantly opposed the proposal, declaring that it would be wholly inopportune for India to withdraw from the League when the League was meeting to remedy its defects, when Egypt was preparing to enter it, and when fifty nations had made it clear they could work together for an ideal. The proposal was defeated by 35 votes to six.

ONE MORE CELLULOID FIRE

What an Electric Bulb Will Do

An Australian correspondent sends us news of a fire arising in a showcase at a great store in Adelaide due to celluloid bursting into flame.

It was the heat of the electric light which caused some celluloid fittings to ignite, and it is said to have been the first occurrence of its kind in the city, although the Chief of the Fire Brigade said that such things had happened before.

We are afraid they will happen again, perhaps unhappily with graver consequence, as long as inflammable celluloid is allowed to lie about where the heat of the sun, or of a fire, or of an electric bulb, or of a spark from a fire may instantly set it ablaze.

THE OLDTIME ARCADE A Wedding Procession in a Toy Shop

Not long ago Father Ward appealed for Victorian toys to furnish a 19th-century toy shop which he proposed to add to the Arcade of oldtime shops which forms such an attractive feature of the Abbey Folk Park at New Barnet.

Among the hundreds of toys which have arrived perhaps the most interesting is a Doll's Wedding of 1883. There are 18 dolls in the wedding procession, and the lady dolls are dressed in the elaborate bustle style of that period.

There is not only a wedding procession, but also the wedding breakfast. The table is laid with plates, knives, forks and spoons, wineglasses and the like, and is loaded with baked meats, fish, and pastry. Of course these are really in plaster, but they are artistically shaped and painted to look like the real things.

FRESH START FOR A NATION'S PEASANTS

Bold Step in Yugo-Slavia NEW WAY OF PAYING DEBTS

Yugo-Slavia has made a law to give its peasants a New Deal by reducing half their debts.

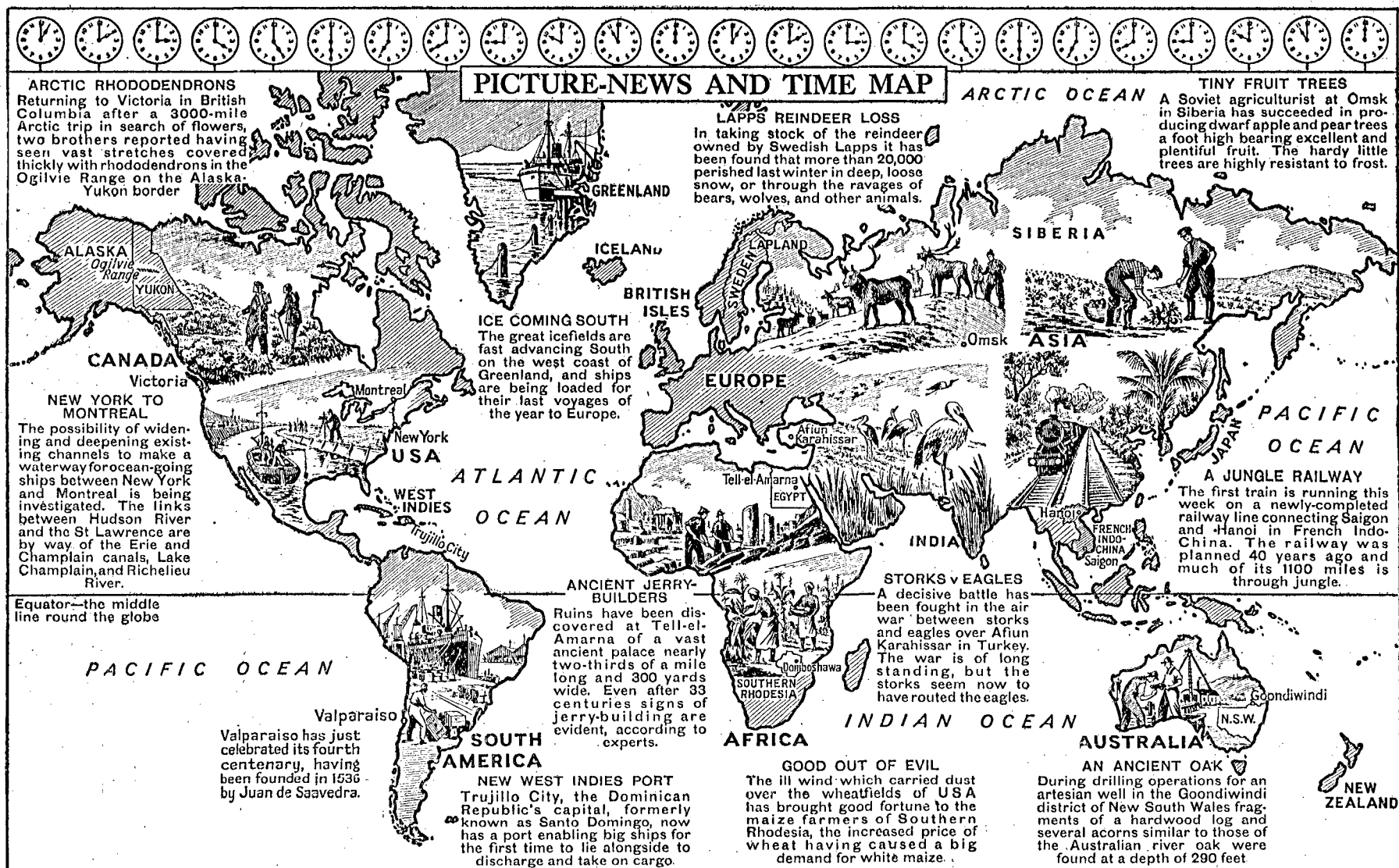
The peasants are the largest part of Yugo-Slavia's population, and the real producers of its wealth, in wheat, maize, timber, cattle, eggs, and pigs. But owing to the bad times of the war, and the worse times since, the 12 million peasants have piled up a debt of 3800 million dinars, which, putting the dinar as low as a penny, still amounts to some £15,000,000, rather more than a pound a head of the peasant population. The debts are owed to banks and cooperative societies, and English agricultural labourers might wonder how the money came to be lent or borrowed.

But the Yugo-Slavian Government, adopting the idea that it is not theirs to reason why, have decided on heroic measures to lift the peasant's burden. The banks and cooperative societies are to cancel half the debts, the Government will take a quarter, and the peasant will still owe the last quarter. He will, in short, be let off with a payment of five shillings in the pound, and should be able to make a fresh start.

WHERE THE BERET COMES FROM

The popularity of the round cloth cap called the beret prompts the inquiry: What is its origin?

It seems that the beret comes from the Basque mountains and the French Alps, whence it spread into France. French wounded soldiers sent to the Pyrenees to recover took to this simple headgear, and thus the beret became widely known and adopted. Now it has largely replaced the cloth cap in France, and we see it freely worn in England.



CHILDRENS NEWSPAPER

OCTOBER 3 1936



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter House, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



Quit You Like Men

Next Tuesday is the 400th anniversary of the death of William Tyndale, who gave the English-speaking people their noblest possession. There is more of Tyndale's language in the New Testament than of any other man's, and we let him deliver to us this week this message of St Paul.

EYE hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him. But God hath revealed them unto us by His Spirit, for the Spirit searcheth all things, yea, the deep things of God. All things are yours.

Watch ye; stand fast in the faith; quit you like men; be strong. Let all your things be done with charity.

We are troubled on every side, yet not distressed; we are perplexed, but not in despair; persecuted, but not forsaken; cast down, but not destroyed; we faint not; but, though our outward man perish, yet the inward man is renewed day by day, for our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory. We look not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen; for the things which are seen are temporal, but the things which are not seen are eternal.

Stand fast in the liberty where-with Christ hath made us free, and be not entangled with the yoke of bondage. We through the Spirit wait for the hope of righteousness by faith, faith which worketh by love. The fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, longsuffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance: against such there is no law. If we live in the Spirit let us also walk in the Spirit. Let us not be desirous of vainglory, provoking one another, envying one another.

If a man be overtaken in a fault, restore such a one in the spirit of meekness, considering thyself, lest thou also be tempted. Bear ye one another burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ. For if a man think himself to be something when he is nothing, he deceiveth himself. But let every man prove his own work, and then shall he have rejoicing in himself alone, and not in another.

Be not deceived. God is not mocked, for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap. He that soweth to his flesh shall of the flesh reap corruption; but he that soweth to the Spirit shall of the Spirit reap life everlasting.

Let us not be weary in well doing, for in due season we shall reap if we faint not. As we have therefore opportunity, let us do good unto all men.

The Hundred Thousand Old Cars

WE read that a hundred thousand motor-cars are worn out every year. What happens to them?

Many of them remain on the roads to kill more people.

Many are broken up and piled up to kill the beauty of the countryside.

Strange that it is the car more than anything else for which the roads are made, and yet it is the car which makes the roads unsafe and ugly.

Room For Cleanliness

WE are very glad to see the protests that have lately been made about the disgraceful sights we see on a morning walk in London: dustbins open on the pavements, dustcarts with their rubbish blowing about, food all exposed to this sort of thing, and butchers' vans wide open for the germs.

We long for a little new energy put into the movement for a cleaner London. We know little heaps of rubbish which have been passed by thousands of people daily for years within two minutes of Fleet Street.

Too Late at School

BBETTER late than never must be said of the wise proposals to build better schools.

It is not to be tolerated that we should lag behind Germany in providing beautiful, healthy, and comfortable school buildings for our children.

But how sad the reflection that we have waited until the schools are emptying before applying ourselves to the task of improving them! Each year sees fewer scholars to be schooled.

A Good Thing From the Depression

ONE good thing which has emerged from the welter of American depression is the fact that it is not impossible to get people to go back to the land. Two million Americans took up land holdings in the five years to 1935, and it is noteworthy that the greater number of these new farms are small holdings.

The Census Director says that this flow of persons back to the farms represents the countryward migration of the unemployed and that it has been a movement of whole families rather than of individuals.

Thus adversity has for many pointed to the old way of life as a desirable haven.

The Park of Peace

THE UNITED STATES and Mexico have made up their minds to live on good terms with each other.

As a symbol of this good resolution they are setting aside a region on the frontiers of the two countries as a park to be called the Park of Peace.

The Third Time

WE take this story from The Flowing Tide, the report of the Bible Society for the past year.

A colporteur in Rumania sold a copy of the Bible to a man who had never before heard of it. Taking it home, he began to read it, and after a time remarked, "Wife, if this Book be true we are wandering along a false road."

Reading farther, he said, "Wife, if this book be true we are lost."

He did not, however, put the Bible down, but read on, and at last called out, "Wife, if this book be true we can be saved."

A Word From Shakespeare

The Harvest

Methinks I have a great desire to a bottle of hay: good hay, sweet hay, hath no fellow.

Midsummer Night's Dream

Tip-Cat

A MAN has found the perfect barber. Cuts his prices but not his customers.

THE silent man covers himself with a cloak of reserve, says a writer. Economical, anyway.

A FOOTBALLER has been presented with a dinner service. But that wasn't his goal.

CROWDS watched an angling contest. Something caught their fancy.

Peter Puck
Wants To
Know

How a hat
becomes a lady



REGATTA season has ended. So yachtsmen are all in the same boat.

YOUR name has a meaning, says a newspaper. To you it means you.

THE boy who complained that he didn't get tanned at the seaside can get his father to give him a tanning at home.

MODERN youth does not shrink from hard work. Only from getting into hot water.



THE BROADCASTER

C N Calling the World

SOMEONE unknown has given £250,000 to form a Scottish Charitable Trust.

SIR JOHN PRIESTMAN has given his town of Sunderland another £50,000.

A BRIGHTON lady has left £26,000 to charities.

JUST AN IDEA

The Nazis are seeking to destroy the private individual so that the State may be the only thing. But what if the private individual does not think it worth while?

Cheerful Every Day

Another Cheerful Day. By H. L. Gee. Methuen. 3s 6d.

MR H. L. GEE has given the world another Cheerful Day.

It is something to give the world a little cheerfulness in these dark days, and we are glad to read that Mr Gee's first Cheerful Day has been one of the most successful small anthologies for daily use. Here is its successor, with something good to read for every day of next year, or the year after, or the year after that—for it is never too late to be cheerful.

Mr Gee, who goes round the world with the C N most weeks, has a human touch in all he writes, and he believes in mankind in spite of all. We pick two of his days here at random.

The King Comes

It was a favourite pastime of Joseph the Second of Germany to go through the country unattended among the common people. He once entered a village church while a christening was going on, and offered to stand as godfather for the child.

Your name? demanded the priest.

Joseph.

Surname?

The Second.

Spell it.

T-H-E-S-E-C-O-N-D.

Occupation?

Emperor.

Consider: Who stands by you now? Is not God for ever at your elbow?

How To Triumph

Of an Englishman who overcame difficulties it was once written:

He had a way when tramping across country and coming to an uninviting brook of throwing his coat over to make sure of following.

For every day of the year there is something in this little book to cheer us up, and the whole book helps us to feel how true its motto is—That however bad things are we can but feel a deep cheerfulness that a happy Providence kept it from being any worse.

End of a Litter Lout

Now Peter was, by any test, Of litter louts the loutiest. One day, with lots to eat and read, He settled in a park to feed, And sat discarding, one by one, His bags and mags as they were done, Till presently there grew around So large a tumulus or mound That when Pete followed lunch with sleep

You couldn't see him for the heap. And as he slept there prowled along A keeper with a bag and prong, A man who took a proper pride In spearing litter that he spied. He ran that hillock neatly through, And perforated Peter too, Then stuffed him, with an artist's knack, Among the litter in his sack.

The Corporation could, in spots, Turn litter into kilowatts, And made a tidy sum on Pete By selling him as light and heat.

H. A. F. in the Manchester Guardian

HEROIC SCHOLAR WHO LEFT US OUR NOBLEST LEGACY

He did not sit in a bishop's throne, he did not wear a silken cope;
but he mounted the scaffold and was clothed in a garment of flame

Four centuries ago next week died William Tyndale, chief creator of our English Bible. He gave his life to secure for the English-speaking people the

right to read the Bible in their own language. Driven into exile, persecuted and hunted, he produced the New Testament and part of the Old in

English before his enemies betrayed him to torture and death. This is the story of one of the bravest Englishmen who ever lived, told by Mr Isaac Foot.

FOUR HUNDRED years ago, on Friday the sixth of October in 1536, at the town of Vilvorde in Flanders, William Tyndale was taken out of the prison in which he had been for about two years.

He was brought into the great market square where was gathered a crowd made up of priests and soldiers and common people. Through this crowd the prisoner was conducted to a stake, round which faggots had been piled for the fire. He was bound to the stake, and the executioner strangled him; then the fire was lit and his body was burned to ashes. It is recorded that his last words were, *Lord, open the king of England's eyes.*

There is not one of us whose life has not been affected by the work done by this brave man, and if only the British people realised what they owe to him they would mark this sixth of October as an outstanding day.

Luther's Influence

JUST where and when Tyndale was born we cannot be certain, but probably it was in Gloucestershire, somewhere between 1490 and 1495. Of his boyhood we know practically nothing, but we do know that he went to Oxford, and there took his Master of Arts degree, and that he went afterwards to Cambridge. In 1522 he became tutor in the family of a gentleman living in Gloucestershire. While there he revealed an intense interest in the religious movements of his generation.

It was at this time that the demand for reform in the Church was working in men's minds like the leaven which the woman took and hid in three measures of meal. The work of John Wycliffe and his followers had never died out, and now Englishmen began to hear of strange things that were happening in Europe. There were no newspapers and very few books, but travellers brought news of what was being said and done by Martin Luther in Germany, and men were stirred up to inquiry and even to spiritual revolt.

No Englishman was more profoundly affected by this movement than William Tyndale. While yet a young man he became a diligent student of the Greek language and acquired a profound knowledge of the New Testament. Rejoicing in his own discovery, he was impressed by the ignorance of the clergy of his day, who had in their sole keeping the education of the common people.

A Great Resolution

As he was thinking on these things there was born within his mind a great resolution, which was in reality one of the big events in history. He resolved that he would himself translate the whole of the New Testament from the Greek language into English, and that he would put this book within the reach of all his fellow-countrymen.

John Foxe, who wrote the Book of Martyrs, tells us that it was about this time that Tyndale got into controversy with an ecclesiastic living in his neighbourhood. The ecclesiastic quoted the Pope and Tyndale replied with a quotation from the Bible. The priest, trying to defend his position, said that as between the Pope and the Scripture the Pope was supreme; and then it was that Tyndale made an answer which has become memorable:

If God spare my life, ere many years a boy that driveth the plough shall know more of the Scriptures than thou dost.

What was said by an obscure young teacher living in an out-of-the-way part of England could not at the time have seemed very important, yet that day



WILLIAM TYNDALE WRITING HIS ENGLISH BIBLE

There are more of his words in our Authorised Version than of any other man's

was a red-letter day in our nation's calendar, and the work this young man set out to accomplish far transcended in importance all the activities and achievements of the Henrys and the Wolseys and the dukes and nobles whose pageantry and vanities fill so great a space in the books recording the history of those times.

Having formed his resolution Tyndale found that his work could not be done in Gloucestershire, where he had stirred up so much opposition, and he came to London, where he hoped for the help of the Bishop of London.

The Choice of Exile

HE was disappointed, and, after many months in the great city, he came to realise that his work could not be done at all in England. He must choose between the abandonment of his purpose, with all the advantages of living in England, or doing his work in exile. In May 1524 he took ship from England and saw the last of the land to which he was to bequeath the noblest legacy left to it by any man.

He went first to Hamburg, and then he travelled to Wittenberg, and there he met Martin Luther. All this time he was applying himself to his task, and, except for the assistance of a copyist or amanuensis named William Roy, he did all his work of translation single-handed. When the translation was completed he went to Cologne, a city already famed for its printing press, and there he began the production of his book. It was at this time that his troubles became acute. The printing had, of course, to be done secretly, but the news reached the ears of a churchman named Cochlaeus, who, by bribing the workmen with drink, came to learn of the whole design. He roused the authorities to a sense of the impending danger and besought them to seize and destroy the papers and to arrest Tyndale and his friend. Warned just in time, Tyndale gathered up his precious manuscripts

and the sheets already printed and, with his assistant, escaped by taking a boat up the Rhine to the city of Worms.

That voyage, lasting some days and involving grave peril, was one of the most romantic and important in our history. Arriving at Worms, Tyndale was there able to complete the printing begun at Cologne. There, in a city favourable to the Reformer's teachings, the work was finished, and in 1525 was produced the first printed English New Testament translated from the language in which it was written. It is estimated that 6000 copies were printed, and of this number only three have survived, and two out of these are fragments.

Now that the books were printed the biggest difficulty of all remained. Driven to exile, Tyndale had done his work and, after escaping by the skin of his teeth, had got his books printed, but he had now to get them into England.

Helped By His Enemy

IF the Word of God was the seed, England was the field where the seed was to be sown. How the Bibles were brought over the narrow seas and put into circulation we do not know, as the merchandise had to be smuggled across, and men had to work in secret. But the work was done. Printers, shippers, and traders were found who were willing to run the risks, and so the books were spread abroad. Sermons were preached warning the people against the spreading heresy, bonfires were organised by the ecclesiastics, and all the books which could be found were publicly burned, some of them by the Bishop of London outside St Paul's. Yet none could check the rise of the waters.

One of the churchmen spent quite a lot of money to buy up the books abroad, and thought he could in this way cut up the evil plant by the roots; but unfortunately for him the merchant who sold him the books was a friend of Tyndale's, and the money was used to produce more and better

copies, so that the man who sought to destroy became himself the instrument for spreading the hated volumes.

Tyndale had ten years more to live, and there remained the Old Testament. He had learned Greek to translate the New Testament; he would learn Hebrew to translate the Old. He published in his lifetime his translation of the first five books, but he did not live long enough to fulfil his whole purpose. Scholars are agreed that he translated the Old Testament up to the end of the Second Book of Chronicles. One other work remained to be done; and, happily for us, he completed it. He revised his translation of the New Testament.

Tyndale's Crowning Achievement

THIS revision, which must have involved untold labour, is his crowning achievement. Tyndale's revised New Testament has been the foundation on which all the later revisers have worked; and a careful comparison of the book of 400 years ago with the New Testament as we have it will reveal the fact that this book is in substance and reality almost entirely the work of Tyndale. Nine-tenths of the words in our Authorised Version are his, and, what is much more important, the cadence, the rhythm, the style, and the character are his as well.

All this time Tyndale had been a hunted man, living like an outlaw with a price upon his head; and at last the designs of his enemies succeeded. After many wanderings he had come to live in Antwerp. There he was betrayed and decoyed and cast into prison at Vilvorde. This was in May 1535. We have one glimpse of the life he led in prison, for he wrote a letter to the governor in which he said:

I wish also permission to have a candle in the evening, for it is wearisome to sit alone in the dark. But, above all, I entreat and beseech your clemency to be urgent with the Procureur that he may kindly permit me to have my Hebrew Bible, Hebrew Grammar, and Hebrew Dictionary, that I may spend my time in that study.

And so the time passed on until that black Friday in 1536 when his imprisonment ended in martyrdom.

He did not sit in a bishop's throne, he did not wear a silken cope; but he mounted the scaffold and was clothed in a garment of flame.

It was the end he had himself expected. Years before he had said in one of his writings that he was not surprised his enemies had burned his books, and he knew they would burn him if they got the chance. "If it shall be God's will," he said, "it shall be so." He knew the meaning of the words "Be not afraid of them that kill the body, and after that have no more that they can do."

He feared God alone, and died like a conqueror, knowing that his work was beyond the reach of human malice.

His Statue By the Thames

THIS is the man whose life and work we remember on the sixth of October. His statue stands by the Thames, but his monument is in the hearts of the English-speaking people throughout the whole world. A great part of our Old Testament and the whole of our New Testament are still essentially his; and when we recall his sacrifice, and the sufferings of those who secured for us this priceless gift, we may use the words that came to the lips of David when three soldiers brought him at great peril the water from the well of Bethlehem:

Is not this the blood of the men that went in jeopardy of their lives?

A Friendly Greeting at Whipsnade



THE SHEPHERD & HIS WONDERFUL DOG

A C N friend held up in his car the other day by a flock of sheep will never forget the dog which came upon the scene and cleared the way for him.

With the coming of autumn these clever sheepdogs have been giving the country once again its greatest natural circus performance. The usual sheepdog trials have been held in increasing numbers in various parts of the country.

Shepherds and their dogs, competing in public for prizes, astonish us with feats which, far eclipsing anything achieved by animals trained for entertainment, simply do in strange surroundings what they daily do in the quiet seclusion of our pastures from year's end to year's end.

Supreme Example of Cooperation

Strange sheep are brought together in a park or other wide enclosure of varied country, and it is the task of each dog to marshal a given number of them from the rest, turn them this way and that, up hill, down hill, or from valley to uplands, conduct them between lanes of hurdles, round obstacle after obstacle, and finally pen them in the fold which is the goal of the trial.

To those who have watched these trials the work seems the supreme example of cooperation between man and animal. During all the time the test lasts the shepherd may scarcely move, or travel but a few yards, while his dog is galloping, stalking, creeping, sorting and singling, herding and driving the sheep of which it is given charge.

Scientists have been telling us that telepathy (the conveyance of thought from brain to brain) is certain to be developed into a commonplace in the future. At a sheepdog trial we cannot but wonder whether we are not already witnessing a demonstration of it with dog and man as partners.

The shepherd cannot tell the dog that it must single out such and such sheep from the flock and conduct them by devious ways to the space enclosed by the final hurdles; but he does it piecemeal. The shepherd advances to his

place in the open, and seems to live only to communicate with his dog, and the dog to live only to receive and act on those instructions.

But the man does not roar out commands as we do to our dogs. He has a language of his own, and it is mainly silence. Methods differ. Some shepherds work mainly by gestures with the hand and arm; others utter a few codified cries—hoots, yelps; others depend on whistled commands. Whatever the code, the result is uniform—the dog collects and manoeuvres the sheep without fuss on his own part or panic in the animals of which he is in quest.

Man and dog seem transformed with tense excitement and exaltation. The shepherd throws all his nervous energy into his effort to direct his dog aright; the dog becomes a new creature, unlike its kind for the period of the operation.

It moves with a quiet speed, crouching, lithe, unhurried, toward its object; starts the sheep it needs, moves them on, then lies down, not like the ordinary dog, but like a cat stalking a bird; this so that the sheep shall not be stampeded into panic.

It rises a little and creeps this way or that, its body touching the ground as it advances. If a sheep breaks in the wrong direction the dog is up in an instant, not to attack, but moving at an angle which the sheep interprets as a warning to return to its previous line of advance.

An Unmatched Partnership

In all it has to do throughout the complicated movements necessary to bring the sheep to their ultimate haven there is no suggestion of fierceness, nothing to alarm or intimidate. The man thinks, waves an arm, whistles, or coos; and his desire is translated into action by his dog.

It cannot be telepathy; but if we wished to show what such a means of communication can effect we should point to this unmatched partnership between a shepherd and his dog as the nearest approach to it yet attained by two living creatures.

For He's a Jolly Good Fellow

THE war brought many additions to our language, but it left English in all the lands where our troops fought.

The newest example comes from France, where hundreds of Frenchmen honoured their French host with "For he's a jolly good fellow," sung in the broken English remembered from happy gatherings when they stood side by side with Tommies in the great days of trial.

This old song has not its fellow. It is the highest spontaneous compliment an assembly can pay to the King or to

some humble fellow-worker whom men wish to honour with a musical compliment. Two Englishmen sang it at a private dinner in France for the benefit and amusement of fellow guests. To their surprise a French lady, who did not speak English, joined them in the song.

She had been once to England, she explained, and had heard it sung at a wedding at Manchester, and had never forgotten it. To her it seemed the national anthem of English kindness and cheery goodwill.

KALMAN KALANKA

The Singer of Margaret Island

A BUNCH OF FLOWERS FROM HIS GARDEN

From Our Hungary Correspondent

All who have been in Budapest know Margaret Island, that fair garden rising out of the Danube not far from the centre of the city.

They know its green lawns, its giant plane trees, its brilliant flower beds, its fragrant rose garden. They also know its luxury hotel, its swimming-pool, and its polo ground. But they know nothing of the secret romance, the happy hopes and dreams which have been blossoming there all through the summer in emulation of the roses and the heliotropes.

Singing and Gardening

Perhaps, if they have been staying at the hotel, they may have had their early morning sleep disturbed by hearing a fine tenor voice singing an air out of Rigoletto or Il Trovatore. And if they were sufficiently energetic and curious to jump out of bed, and peep through the slats of the Venetian blinds, they may have seen a young man in a blue overall singing under one of the hotel windows, and then flinging a nosegay of dew-drenched flowers into the room.

Intrigued, they may possibly have gone back to bed registering a vow to ask their waiter for an explanation. But the chances are that by breakfast time they would have forgotten all about it. And in any case they would probably never have got the real story from the waiter. For that they would have had to find the young man in the blue overall, and made friends with him while he bedded out the carnations or watered the geranium cuttings. For he is one of the dozen gardeners responsible for Margaret Island's floral beauty.

His name is Kalman Kalanka, and his father, grandfather, and great-grandfather have all been gardeners before him. He himself has two passions, gardening and singing. Even as a boy he used to sing at his work, and has always done so; and one day about 18 months ago a well-known opera star, Madame Maria Németh, heard him, and thought so well of his voice that she bade him come up to the hotel and sing to her.

Thrilling Dreams of Fame

The result was that she arranged for him to be trained as an opera singer at her expense. For over a year now he has had singing lessons, and has made such progress that his career as a singer seems assured.

What thrilling dreams of fame and success must have been his all the summer as he went about his work on the island! For he is still a common or garden gardener, and has claimed no privilege of being exempted from digging and planting because of the golden treasure in his throat.

A few weeks ago the opera star came back to the hotel to rest and recuperate after a tiring season. Her first care on arrival was to inquire how her protégé was getting on; and Kalman Kalanka shows her every morning by singing to her when all the rest of the world is asleep. Then he thanks her by flinging into her room a bunch of dew-drenched flowers from his own garden.

THE SMOKER AND THE LADY

A lady in Poland, travelling in a non-smoking carriage, was much annoyed by the volumes of smoke emitted by her neighbour.

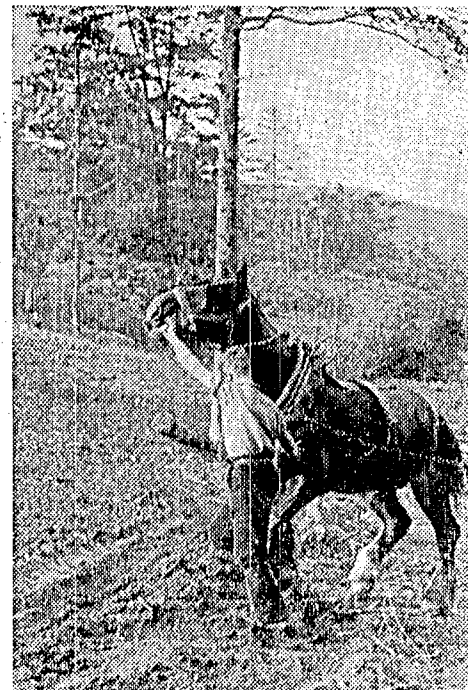
She begged him to desist or to retire to a smoking compartment, but as he was boor enough to persist she pulled the alarm signal and the train stopped.

The case was taken into court, and it was the smoker who was fined and not the lady.

Autumn in



Gathering blackberries



A logging team at work in

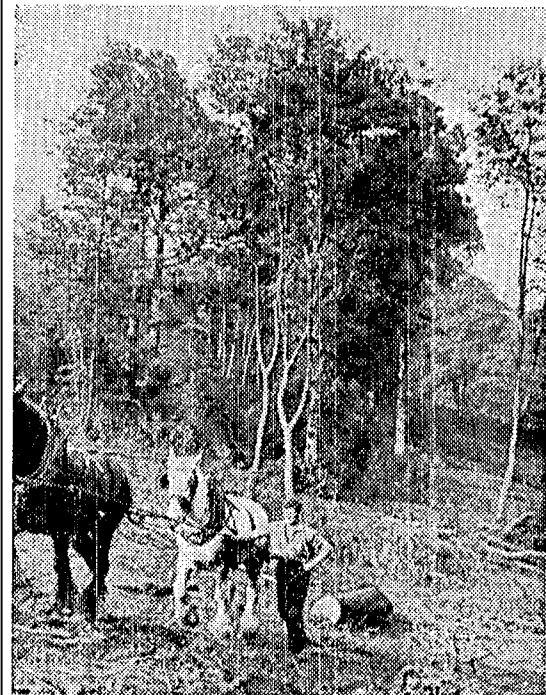


Armfuls

e Countryside



n a Gloucestershire hedgerow



woods at Grindleford in Derbyshire



hlias for market

MR ROOSEVELT

Atmosphere of the Great Presidential Election

SORROWS OF A MAN WHO WAS A MILLIONAIRE

While the United States has made a considerable recovery under Mr Roosevelt there are still grave evidences of destitution and unrest.

The President, now asking his 130 million countrymen to re-elect him, has seen America emerge from a depression so great that on the very day of his inauguration in March 1933 every bank in the land shut its doors. The electors will have short memories if they forget the fact; but the public mind is easily distracted in all countries, and Americans have suffered much in recent years.

Land of Violent Contrasts

Mr Roosevelt is being most unfairly attacked. He is even charged with being the chief cause of unrest in Europe and with backing Bolshevism!

That great progress has been made in America in the past few years is undoubted, but the wreckage of the slump was so enormous that much remains to do. Great grants have still to be made to relieve destitution in town and country. The farmers, so hard hit by the terrible fall in prices, have suffered still further by the recent droughts and duststorms.

The luxury of the few embitters social relations, and the American scene is still one of violent contrasts and rapid changes. The United States territory is vast, but we need not doubt that in the long run it will attain to a great civilisation and culture, derived from the interplay of many sorts and conditions of men. Here and now progress is achieved with difficulty.

Wrecked by the Depression

An interesting light on American quick-change is afforded by the cheerful acceptance of ruin by Mr William Durant, the rival of Henry Ford, who founded the General Motors Corporation and at one time possessed a fortune of £20,000,000. He was wrecked by the great depression, and recently filed a bankruptcy petition, naming as his sole possession garments worth £50. Unbroken in spirit, Mr Durant has opened a cheap snack restaurant, at which all meals cost five cents. At 74 the man who has been a millionaire manfully washes the floor. He is only one of millions who will vote at the coming election after having passed through years of disaster.

Let us put on record Mr Roosevelt's recent claim that since his Administration came into power America's consuming power had been rapidly restored, and that better conditions on farms, in factories, and in the homes of America are leading its citizens to the spiritual vision of the Psalmist, Green pastures and still waters. There seems to us to be good evidence to support this claim.

NOBODY TO FILL 7000 POSTS

Remarkable School-To-Work Figures

Last year work was found for a record number of boys and girls by the local education authorities.

Although fewer boys and girls left elementary schools the total number under 18 available for employment was higher by about 160,000. The jobs found exceeded the previous record of 1934 by 56,334.

There was an acute shortage of juvenile labour in certain districts. In September the number of vacancies in the London area unfilled owing to lack of candidates exceeded 7000.

Men Who Will Not Go In and Men Who Will Not Come Out

AMONG many things in our time that are "new under the sun" the Stay-In Strike is not the least remarkable; and it is playing a serious part in world affairs.

In the old-time strike the workmen refused to work until their grievances were met; they downed tools, went home, and lived on such strike pay as their trade unions could afford or upon their own very slender resources. While the strike lasted they brought pressure to bear upon non-strikers, calling them "blacklegs."

By this form of civil warfare they sought to maintain or improve their status in life. When the strike was made by a great trade union the contest became serious and sometimes lasted for several months.

The reverse of the Strike is the Lock-out, when employers close their works against their workpeople to enforce some modification of working conditions.

The General Strike

Both these forms of industrial conflict cause heavy loss to industry and intense human suffering. The most serious phase is the General Strike, such as occurred in our own country a few years ago. The General Strike is a combined strike of the great trades, designed to intimidate the public and thus secure concessions. It necessarily inflicts great suffering, not only on the strikers but on the whole community. The British General Strike utterly failed because the community defended itself with vigour. Volunteers sprang up everywhere by thousands to fetch and carry for the public, and the strike soon collapsed, as it deserved to do.

All these are forms of strike which keep men out of their workshops; what is happening nowadays is a form of

strike which keeps them in. We now have the men who will not go in and the men who will not come out.

The Stay-In Strike first appeared on the Continent, and has been used in Austria, Italy, France, and also in Spain. Lately it has affected the British mining industry.

Seizing the Factories

Its essence is that the strikers seize the factory or the mine that employs them and stay there until they are satisfied by concession, ejected by force, or starved into surrender. The managers, if present when the stay-in begins, are either turned out or imprisoned.

In one case the miners stayed underground and endured great hardship and suffering for weeks before their grievances were settled.

In our own country, unhappily, we have just witnessed stay-in strikes in the Welsh coalfields.

In France M. Blum's Government was faced, as soon as it was formed, with a General Stay-In Strike. In many parts of France the factories, mines, and even the great retail shops were seized by their workpeople, who organised resistance, amused themselves by song and dance, and did not come out until the Government rushed through new laws improving the conditions of work, including the concession of a Five-Day Working Week.

Even the new French laws, however, have failed to secure contentment, and new strikes have broken out, again including the seizure of factories.

All strikes are a form of violence and social war, but these new forms are particularly unhappy examples of the spirit of force, and we may be thankful that in this country, with few exceptions, we are wiser in these things.

Tyranny in the Land of Liberty

WAR is the only word which still properly fits too many of the industrial disputes which occur in the United States of America.

In California a strike in the vegetable plantations has led to a sheriff calling out all able-bodied men from 18 to 45 to fight the rioting pickets, accompanied by a threat to arrest any who failed to obey.

We are told that for two days the strikers and the armed guards employed by the growers to protect their strike-

breakers fought in the streets, and guards used tear-gas to disperse the strikers gathered around trucks laden with vegetables.

All this sounds very strange to the English reader, who does not realise that strike-breakers in America are often professionals, who can be, and are, hired by employers at so much a man to smash strikes. The employers used "armed guards" to protect the strike-breakers, and these veritable soldiers of industry used tear-gas bombs to defeat the enemy.

A Tale the Fisherman Told



THE ARTIST AND THE BANKNOTES

A Very Curious Case

BANK OF FRANCE AND A POOR PICTURE

A curious case has recently been before the French courts.

An artist had made a picture which he had given to a well-known institution for reproduction. The institution scamped the business and the reproductions were so bad as to give a wholly inadequate idea of the artist's work. He himself having died meanwhile, his heirs, jealous for his reputation, sued the institution and demanded that the reproductions should be destroyed.

On the face of it it would seem as though there could be no two opinions as to their winning their case; but matters are somewhat complicated by the fact that the picture was a design for the French 500-franc banknote, and that the institution which had reproduced it so badly was the Bank of France itself. Could the artist (Luc-Olivier Merson) or his heirs really demand that a substantial part of the banknotes should be destroyed?

The Governor of the Bank naturally said that they could not, maintaining that a work of art ceased to be a work of art and lost all right to be treated as such once it had become a commercial matter. But the judges thought otherwise, and have decreed that the entire issue of banknotes must be destroyed and the artist's heirs indemnified.

AIR SAFETY

Few Passengers Killed

America can claim remarkable success in air transport.

Last year 860,761 passengers were carried by aeroplane in U.S. territory, 63½ million miles were flown, and 15 passengers killed. In doing this work the aircraft crews lost eight persons, so that the total American civil air casualties were 23.

We are not yet as air-minded as they are in America. The British record for 1935 is that roundly 200,000 passengers were carried, nearly 8½ million aircraft miles flown, and 12 passengers killed, the crew losses being six. (When we speak of passengers we mean the number of separate air journeys made by individuals.)

We see that the British air losses, though few, were greater in proportion to miles flown than in America.

Longer journeys, of course, are flown in the great American territory, and a much greater experience has been gained. The American planes are much faster than ours, and do much more night-flying. The American airmen have also to fly over great mountains and to endure great extremes of temperature.

The facts given refer to established air services only and not to private or club flights.

QUESTION BEFORE SEVEN MEN

Distress in the Highlands

LEST WE FORGET

A Committee of Seven is to examine "economic conditions in the Highlands and Islands and the possibilities of the development of local industries therein."

The distress of the Highland crofters is an old story, but many of the new generation in England have never heard of it.

A lack of natural resources in the modern sense has to be contended with, it is true; but we live in days when scientific organisation can do much for naturally poor areas, given will and courage. The Highlands, however, have not interested us enough, and little has been done with Scottish water-power. The result is that the Highlands are losing their fine people, who drift away by the ten thousand.

Distress and Prosperity

Here we have another example of the existence of distress in a land which takes pride in prosperity. We have before referred to the absurdity of calling a foreign land to account for being poor, or for lacking credit, without regard to its natural resources and opportunity.

In Great Britain today we have too many examples of distressed areas to vaunt ourselves as infallible makers of prosperity. As for the Scottish Highlands, their poverty and its neglect should make us doubly ashamed of public reflections upon the poverty, let us say, of Germany.

There are millions of acres in Scotland and England which could be put to better use. If each country would do everything in its power to improve its own estate we should be farther from the everlasting nuisance of "high politics" and nearer to peace.

THE BOY FROM THE WINDMILL

Mr J. W. Howdle, who can trace his ancestry back at any rate as far as Nicholas Howdle of Henry the Eighth's day, lives in a cottage at Birstwith in Nidderdale.

He makes furniture of old oak from buildings which have been pulled down, and has a rare skill in carving. As a boy he lived in a windmill in East Yorkshire, and in recent months he has made a fine working model of a windmill with a revolving top, its sides open for us to see all the machinery.

Looking back to the years when he played and worked in the windmill at Bubwith Highfield, he recalls the quiet days of the old windmills. From the top of the Bubwith mill he could count seven more, and it was, he says, a rare sight to see their sails turning in the wind. His father, who was born in 1827, used to say, "If you live to be as old as I am there won't be a windmill standing." Happily there are still many in our land, but Mr Howdle is the last of his family to set the sails going round and to grind wheat to flour.

GENERAL SMUTS TO THE GOLDEN CITY

After a pageant marking the growth of Johannesburg during the last fifty years General Smuts spoke in the City Hall, bringing to the Golden City the greetings of the Union Government.

South Africa, said General Smuts, had been considered unique in the possession of two capitals, administrative and parliamentary. The distinction was in fact greater, because there was also a golden capital, the youngest of the trio, whose jubilee they celebrated today.

"Capetown and Pretoria do homage to Johannesburg," General Smuts continued. "Other cities may be official capitals, but Johannesburg, as the unofficial industrial capital of South Africa, stands out as the symbol of our progress and the rising star of our greater future. Perhaps our emotions of gratitude today are not unminged with a living sense of good things to come. We can at any rate realise how deeply indebted we are to her, and what the whole country owes to her for the enormous material contribution she has made, and will continue to make, to the economic and financial stability of the country. Let us in future hear less of sneers and nagging, which can spring only from envious and covetous minds. Johannesburg, and the whole Rand for which she stands, are a source of the richest material blessings to the whole of South Africa."

THE NAME IN THE OLD BRONZE URN

How a Government Got a Majority

The curious situation in Denmark to which we referred last week, affecting the question whether the Danish Government should have the majority in the Upper House, has now been decided.

The Government had tied with the Opposition and both sides had 37 seats in the Landsting; but it happened that the islanders of Bornholm had tied in their elections, electing 23 Government men and 23 Opposition men. To put the matter straight the chairman of the council of Bornholm was appointed to draw a name by lot, and as so much depended on the result the ceremony was broadcast. All Denmark listened in while the chairman announced that a draw should decide the election, and two pieces of paper each bearing a candidate's name were put in a bronze urn 3000 years old, found in a tomb on the island. The chairman drew the name of the Government candidate, which gave the Government a majority of one seat.

The Government, which is made up of Socialists and Radicals, have not previously had a majority in the Landsting, and have declared that as soon as they get a majority they will abolish the Senate. It remains to be seen whether an ancient institution like the Landsting can be abolished as a consequence of the simple process of drawing a name from an old bronze urn.

NEW WONDERS AT SEA

The Fisherman's Long Arm

MODERN JACK TAR BECOMING A SCIENTIST

When children of the deep-sea fishers of Hull read in the C.N. the other day of what the Vikings are doing with surplus fish as food for cattle they must have smiled indulgently, saying, "If you but knew what our daddies are doing!"

We know now, for Mr Arthur Cargill, one of the trawler-owners of that great port, has broadcast a talk which astonished even those who thought themselves masters of the facts of the brave industry.

Times are bad with our fishing fleets, but the fault is not theirs. Although the magnificent character of the men themselves does not change, and they lug their ancient traditions and superstitions as a precious birthright, their methods in fishing do change, and today are as different from those that obtained before the war as those differed from the ways of the Elizabethan seamen who first fished the Newfoundland banks.

Cod-Liver Oil For Horses?

The men who go up to the White Sea, to Bear Island, and similarly chilly latitudes, have three weeks for their voyage, one week for sailing up, one for making their catch, and the third for the homeward voyage.

It is on the way home that the new wonders are wrought. Until two years ago the livers of the cod were sent abroad in the rough to have the famous cod-liver oil extracted from them, and this was sent back as a medicinal property for sale in England.

Now the liver is treated in tanks in the English trawlers; it is brought ashore as oil, and sent to English refineries, where, freed from its unpleasant flavour and odour, it is sent out, tasteless and inoffensive, in quantities sufficient to supply the entire country.

As cod-liver oil has been found an incomparable addition to the food of sheep, perhaps horse-owners, who are complaining that hay and corn are lacking in vitamins, may choose this oil to furnish the properties said to be missing from the normal fodder.

Utilising Fishbones

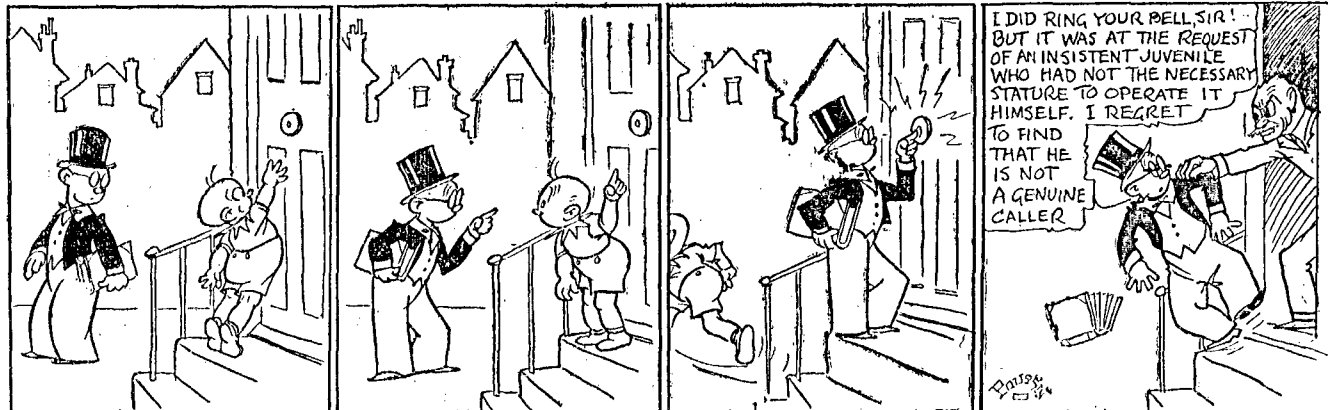
But that is only half the fisherman's new story. Every morning the Hull trawler men have to supply 30,000 fish friers with stock—filleted fish. So the bones are left on their hands. No longer are these wasted. They are treated in factories at Hull, which reduce the unwanted bones to fine fish-meal for poultry, sheep, and cattle, so producing yearly 30,000 tons of precious food for the farmer.

So we may look the Swedes and Norwegians in the face after all, for they cannot match this record. But it needed Mr Cargill to tell the startling story. The Jack Tar of the far-flung trawl has become a scientist, and is helping to feed our flocks and herds while at the same time ridding the nursery of the taste and smell of the life-sustaining cod-liver oil, which banishes rickets and other evils of malnutrition.

VILLAGE PRIDE

M. André Billy has been asking in the Paris Figaro why the small towns and villages in France are not more proud of their great men.

He suggests that the signposts might bear not only the names of the places, but brief announcements such as are fixed on the houses where notable men and women were born in London. We commend the idea to the local councils in England.



A Few Words From Theophilus

SATURDAY night will be the 21st occasion on which clock time in this country will have been moved back one hour. Because we make such frequent use of them we have come to regard clocks as the only means of finding the time of day, yet people were "telling the time" many thousands of years before the first clockmaker was born.

As far back as 3000 years ago the ancient Egyptians used an instrument called a clepsydra. It looked something like a large flower-pot, with a small hole in it. Twelve equal divisions were marked on the inside, and the outside was sometimes covered with hieroglyphics, the



In very early days man would tell the time by watching the sun

picture-writing of that time. The vessel was filled with water, which was allowed to escape through the hole in the side. Knowing how long it took to empty, all the Egyptian had to do was to look at the water-level and compare it with the marking on the side.

This method was later used by the Greeks and Romans. The natives of Southern India used a water clock of a similar type 300 years ago. They took a small copper bowl and placed it empty into a larger vessel full of water. Slowly the water entered the bowl, and when it had reached a mark scratched on the side the bowl sank. One of the old men of the village would be on duty, and when he saw it sink he banged on a gong by his side and shouted out the time.

A very primitive but interesting method was used in the early days of Rome by the Britons of the Bronze Age, and later by the Icelanders. They fixed on two landmarks on the horizon, and divided the distance between them into an equal number of parts. As the sun passed over each mark in turn the watchers were able to make a rough guess at the time.

A hempen wick about two feet long, and knotted at equal intervals, provided the Chinese and Japanese with a means of telling the time some centuries ago. The wick underwent a special processing so that, when it was lighted, it smouldered but did not burst into flame. As it burned slowly it was possible to find the time of day by counting the number of knots not yet burned.

Every English schoolboy and school-girl has heard the story of Alfred and the cakes, but the one about this famous king and his wax candles is, perhaps, not so well known.

King Alfred's Lanterns

It is believed that he had a number of candles made, each 12 inches long, and marked at inch intervals. They were supposed to burn for four hours each, so that one inch on the candles represented a time distance of 20 minutes. When the king found that the time taken to burn varied according to the amount of draught in the room he made a number of lanterns out of horn so thin that it was transparent. The candles were put in these, and apparently all was well.

It is hardly likely that this story is based on fact, however, as water clocks were definitely in use in this country at that time, and it seems improbable that this very wise king would use a less reliable method.

The Scriptures provide us with a cue to yet another time measure. In the

TELLING THE TIME WITHOUT CLOCKS

20th chapter of the Second Book of Kings there is a verse which reads like this:

And Hezekiah answered, It is a light thing for the shadow to go down ten degrees; nay, but let the shadow return backwards ten degrees.

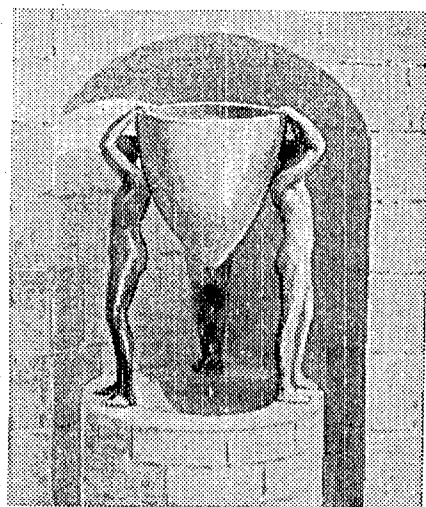
It is believed that this verse refers to the first kind of sun-dial. It probably took the form of a monument approached by steps down which the shadow would creep as the sun sank.

The astronomer Berosus produced in 340 B.C. what he called a hemi-cycle. This took the shape of a hollow hemisphere. Fixed in the centre was a head or globe. As the shadow of this head moved during the day, the distance covered was marked on the inside of the instrument. This line was then divided into 12 equal parts, which gave the divisions of the day from sunrise to sunset. In the summer, of course, the line was longer, and the divisions of the day were correspondingly longer.

Sun-Dial and Moon-Dial

The scratch-dial was the earliest form of dial used in this country. It was not in any way accurate, but it had a definite purpose. When the shadow was in a certain position the people knew it was nine o'clock: time for them to go to Mass.

The sun-dial with which most of us are acquainted was not introduced until later. It "marks the time by the shadow of its gnomon or style, which falls on the face of the dial when exposed to the rays of the sun." Normally it



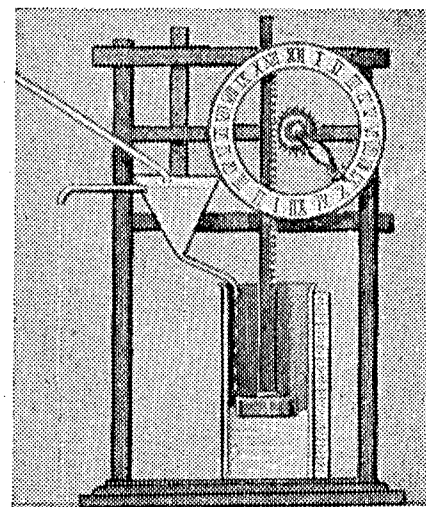
A clepsydra of Ancient Egypt

has no value after sunset, but there is one in this country which can be used at night-time. Around the dial there is a series of numbers, and, provided that the age of the moon is known, it can be used as a moon-dial.

Until a few years ago all the churches were supplied with a sand-glass. This was worked in the same way as the common egg-timer. When the clergyman began his sermon he turned the clepsammia, as it was called, and as

soon as the sand had filtered through into the lower bulb he knew it was time to draw his sermon to a close. Even today these sand-glasses are used in the House of Commons to measure certain time intervals.

Some of these old methods of marking the time were surprisingly accurate.



An early type of water clock

The old copper bowl used in India was timed to sink in 40 minutes. It has been tested against a modern clock, and found to keep really good time.

Our ancestors lived a life that was very different from our own, and the devices they used were sufficiently accurate to meet the needs of their daily life.

How Summer Time Came To This Country

IN 1907 a Chelsea builder named William Willett began his famous Summer Time campaign. His motto was, "Rise an hour earlier, and get an hour's more sunlight."

He argued that if we left our beds earlier on summer mornings the sun would still be shining after we had finished our day's work. We should then be able to enjoy our leisure time out-of-doors, and get a good deal of fun before nightfall.

Willett spent most of his money trying to persuade others to think as he did. At last members of parliament began to take an interest in the scheme, and in 1908 Mr Robert Pearce, M.P., proposed in the House of Commons that clock time in this country should be moved on *eighty minutes* during the summer months. It was not until 1916, however, that the Bill was passed.

When the country was short of fuel during the last war the Government asked a number of experts to find some way of reducing the amount used. They decided that the best thing to do was to try Willett's scheme. The original idea had been to move the clock time on 20 minutes, and to repeat this at intervals until there was a difference of

80 minutes between Greenwich and Summer time. The Commission suggested one movement of 60 minutes; and this was finally adopted. Summer Time first came into operation in this country on May 21, 1916.

Many people objected very strongly to the new Act. Farmers in particular were annoyed. They claimed that they would have to gather in their hay while the dew was still on the ground, and that, as it would be dark when they rose in the morning, they would use as much fuel as they would otherwise use in the evening.

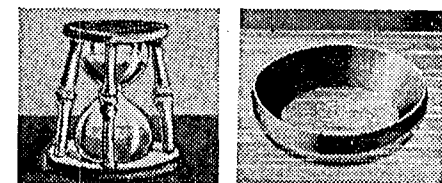
In buses, trams, and trains people talked about this "crazy" idea. Famous scientists set out to prove that we should not save any fuel, and that the plan was against the interests of the country.

After the war the subject was again discussed in Parliament, and a final and permanent Act was passed in 1923. Summer Time now begins on the day following the third Saturday in April, or, if that day is Easter Day, the day following the second Saturday in April. We go back to Greenwich Time on the first Saturday night in October.

Going Back To Our Own Time

WHEN we turn the clock time back an hour we shall really be going back to Greenwich Mean Time, which is the true time according to the sun.

During the summer months our clock time is the sun time of places about 1000 miles east of this country. As the sun appears to rise in the East eastern countries get sunlight before those countries in the West. If we kept strictly to sun time there would be differences even in our own country. It would be noon in Greenwich 15 minutes in advance of noon in West Wales. But this, of course, would not be a practical



The hour-glass and the sinking bowl

proposition. We neglect this difference, therefore, in order that we may have uniform time throughout the country.

In countries like America the time difference between different parts is very great, and it was not until 1878 that it was found possible to regulate time throughout the world. Sandford Fleming, a Scotch Canadian, produced a plan by which he divided the world into 24 Time Zones, each extending over a distance of 15°, or about 1000 miles. All places in those zones keep the same clock time, and the time varies by one hour from zone to zone.

Europe is divided into three zones, Greenwich, Mid-European, and East European, the time difference between Greenwich and East European being two hours.

In America there are five zones, Atlantic, Eastern, Central, Mountain, and Pacific; while there is a time difference between our Greenwich and the American Pacific Zone of eight hours.

In the C.N. Time Map we see in picture form how the system works.

Time in Other Lands

Most countries introduced Summer Time during the war. With the coming of peace Germany, Austria, Italy, and Scandinavia went back to the old system of keeping the same time throughout the year. Summer Time was permanently adopted in Canada in 1924, in Belgium in 1925, in Spain and Portugal in 1926, in New Zealand in 1927.

In the USA only a part of the country makes any difference between clock time in winter and summer, but in Mexico Summer Time is observed all the year round.

THE VILLAGE FEAST DAY

One of our travelling correspondents sends us this note from a French hamlet of 150 people.

THE other day was the annual feast day in the little village of Trouhaut in Burgundy.

Everyone turned out in his best for church in the morning; relations came to dinner from neighbouring villages; and in the afternoon the young people danced on rough boards put down over the public washing-place near the café.

At the long table outside the café was a motley throng of men, women, and children. The conversation was friendly.

"See this little fellow," said the farm labourer next to me, patting the blond curls of a three-year-old beside him, "he's a young Frenchman; yet his

father is Polish, his mother from Spain. In France you find everything, people of every land: Russians, Arabs, Negroes. Look at us at this table, Americans, English. They all like France because it is a *beau pays*. And why not? They ask only to work, to eat, to drink, and to live in peace like the rest of us. There is enough for all. Let 'em all come, I say! After all, all men are brothers, so why all this fuss?"

He was not an educated man. His powers of expression broke down at this point. But he had conveyed his meaning, his welcome as a Frenchman to the foreigner. It is a simple incident that might have happened anywhere. But we record it, believing it to be a straw showing which way the wind blows.

THE APPROACH OF URANUS

A Great Greenish World of Mystery

COMING NEARER EVERY YEAR

By the C.N. Astronomer

The great remote world of Uranus is now coming into view in the evening sky and will be in a very good position for observation throughout the autumn and winter months.

Uranus may be easily found almost midway between Hamal, the chief star in Aries, and Alpha in Cetus. This star and Gamma in Cetus were shown in the star-map in the C.N. for September 19, and as they will provide the readiest means for finding Uranus they are included in the accompanying star-map. They are rather low in the south-east about 9 o'clock, but on a clear dark night will be easily seen together with the triangle of faint stars, indicated on the map, above them. Close above this triangle two fainter and sixth-magnitude stars may be glimpsed by good sight, appearing quite close together; the one on the right is Uranus.

Passing Between Two Stars

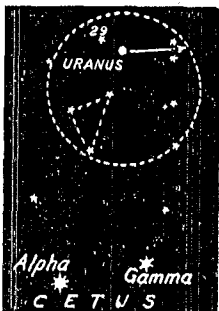
They may be much better observed with the aid of glasses—even opera-glasses will help considerably—so the circle has been added to the star-map to indicate the field-of-view of the glasses and the stars that are likely to be perceived. It will be seen that Uranus is slightly brighter than his companion, "star 29," and it will be interesting to note from week to week how Uranus will move away from this star and toward the two slightly fainter stars which appear close together some way to the right.

Uranus will eventually appear to pass between these two stars, but this will not happen until the latter part of December next. The arrow on the star-map indicates the bee-line Uranus makes for this rendezvous and the full extent of his path westward; after this he appears to turn and retrace his path, again passing, eastward this time, between the two stars. This will be early next year, and until the spring we may watch this weird and strange world which at present is about 1765 million miles away. He is coming closer, so that by the end of October he will be some 20 million miles nearer. Each year Uranus comes closer to the Earth, and will continue to do so for the next 30 years until he will be within about 1605 million miles of us. This is due to the great eccentricity of the orbit of Uranus, which brings him when at perihelion 168 million miles nearer the Sun than when at aphelion, or his farthest, which occurred about 11 years ago.

So, in addition to the Earth's annual approach to Uranus in her orbit, we now have this gradual approach of Uranus, which last year amounted to about four million miles. This dim greenish world of Uranus, where nothing ever appears to happen, although it has fifteen times more surface than the Earth on which to stage big events, may therefore, with the aid of the great telescopes now under construction, unveil some of its mysteries.

Terrific atmospheric disturbances and cyclonic eruptions like those observed on Jupiter and Saturn may then be seen on the vast cloud belts of this rapidly rotating world, whose days are less than half the length of ours and are lit by a sun appearing so small as scarcely to present a disc.

G. F. M.



CUPS

Said Sydney Smith: "I am glad I was not born before tea"; and, speaking of a cup of tea, Gladstone said: "If you are too hot it will cool you; if you are too cold it will warm you; if you are depressed it will cheer you; and if you are too excited it will calm you."

Some of our teacups are of poor thick earthenware, and some are of such fine china that we dare not drink out of them. We keep them in a showcase, from which we bring them out from time to time to admire their delicate beauty and show them to our friends. Cups and saucers which the master potters have given us, these are too precious for daily use.

A War Over a Teacup

We speak of a storm in a teacup when we mean there has been much ado about nothing; and we remember that it was over a cup of tea that the American War of Independence broke out. The famous Boston Tea Party, at which the Americans threw tea overboard, was the beginning of the rift between the Old Country and the New.

Of all the tea parties of which we have read the one in Cranford is the most charming, and the most astonishing is the one of which we read in Alice in Wonderland, where the guests move round the table to avoid having to wash up. The Mad Hatter was so hungry that he took his cup of tea with him when he went to Court, biting a piece out of the cup in his agitation.

Among the most famous scenes in history is the one where Socrates, the greatest talker of all time, took the cup of hemlock and drank without a murmur; and there is the one in which Sir Philip Sidney won immortality at the Battle of Zutphen by giving a cup of cold water to a dying soldier.

He Did What He Could

During the American Civil War the story of Jamie Logan was often told. He was a boy of twelve, and had hoped to enlist, but no officer would have such a little fellow. They said they did not need any more drummer-boys; so Jamie asked if he might carry water to the wounded, and one of the officers, seeing how anxious he was, said he might do that.

All the next day Jamie Logan went to and fro among the dead and dying, carrying water in a tin mug, cheering a man here, easing another there, till a bullet found him out, and his work of glory was done. At sunset they buried him in a shallow grave, firing over him as many shots as they would have accorded a general.

Most Precious Cups in the World

My cup runneth over, we read in the Psalms; a way of saying that happiness abounds. In his agony Christ prayed that the cup should not pass from Him, for He knew He must drain all its bitterness and suffering.

There are silver cups and gold cups given as prizes; christening cups treasured for a lifetime; and there are the cups used in churches, many of them valuable for their fine craftsmanship.

But one of the most precious cups in the world is exhibited at the Palestine Exhibition in London. In shape like a Roman wineglass, two or three inches high, it was found in a cave at Antioch. It is one of the few precious cups still in existence for which it is claimed that they may have been used at the Last Supper.

WHAT HAPPENED ON YOUR BIRTHDAY

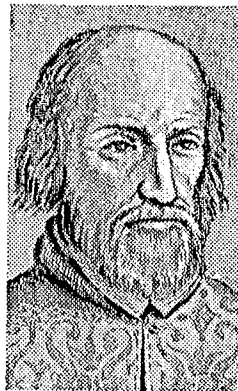
If it is Next Week

- Oct. 4. John Rennie, the bridge builder, died 1821
5. Offenbach, the composer, died in Paris 1880
6. Alfred Tennyson died at Aldworth. . . 1892
7. Edgar Allan Poe died at Baltimore . . . 1849
8. Cola di Rienzi assassinated in Rome . . . 1354
9. Verdi, Italian composer, born at Roncole 1813
10. Charles Martel defeated Moors at Tours 732

Last of the Roman Tribunes

Cola di Rienzi, or Nicholas Rienzo, to give him his baptismal name, is known in history as the last of the Roman tribunes. The son of an inn-keeper of Rome, he studied ancient Roman history in his youth, and grieved for the degeneracy of the city. Having attracted the favourable notice of the Pope, and so gained a public position, he set himself the task of restoring popular government in the city and making Rome once more the true centre of the Empire.

Rienzi's power came from his fascinating eloquence. By the influence of his oratory he overturned the Government, and was trusted with sole authority. Then he behaved with folly, misled by ambition, and had to flee. But, returning again, he regained public confidence. His want of a balanced judgment, however, disgusted the people, and resisting the charm of his tongue they slew him while he was appealing to them for their trust a third time.



LONG, LONG AGO

A Roman Woollen Mill?

Among the Roman remains so frequently brought to light in England few are quite so interesting as the discoveries archaeologists have been making at Rudston in Yorkshire.

A year or two ago they came upon the foundations of a villa on a hillside where the plough had passed for centuries, its central-heating apparatus and its splendid mosaic floors in a fine state of preservation.

Now it is becoming increasingly clear that there must have been something like a woollen mill close by, and that after the sheep on the wolds had been sheared the wool was brought to this central point and perhaps made into cloth.

How far this was really so is not yet established, but there is evidence in this direction, and we may hope to learn before long that a thousand years before Yorkshire's West Riding mills were manufacturing the finest cloth in the world there was a Roman woollen mill in the East Riding where toga-lengths for Roman citizens were woven.

25 YEARS AGO

From the C.N. of October 1911

The Story of a Picture. It would be hard to surprise the art world just now in view of what has happened in connection with Leonardo da Vinci's immortal La Gioconda, which has been stolen from the Louvre, the treasure-house of France.

La Gioconda is a portrait of Mona Lisa, the wife of Francesco del Giocondo of Florence, and is one of the most famous paintings in the world. It is the face of a lady with a wonderful bewitching smile. It has fascinated the world for four centuries. Artists and poets and critics have lingered near it, trying to read the secret of the magic smile. Kings have owned it; people from all parts of the world have stood in wonder and admiration before it.

MORE WORK FOR THE SUN

Dr Abbot's Sun-Driven Motor

AN INFANT PHENOMENON

Hitching a motor to the sun is Dr C. G. Abbot's practical rendering of Emerson's counsel to "hitch your wagon to a star."

Dr C. G. Abbot has studied the sun, its heat, and its changes for a lifetime. He has turned from his studies to find the best way of using its heat directly. The idea of catching the solar rays in a mirror, focusing them, and then diverting them into a channel where they may be applied to raise steam for power, is an old one. Dr Abbot's way of doing so is new.

His solar heater has, like former ones, mirrors as a foundation. But instead of being flat, or circular, like the familiar small copper electric heaters, Dr Abbot's mirrors are scoop-shaped, and their reflecting surface is shaped like that of the mirror of a large reflecting telescope. In another word, it is parabolic.

A Wonderful Vacuum Flask

The surface is made of a polished aluminium alloy which is hardly affected by the weather in a year's exposure, and reflects 80 per cent of the sun's rays. The three mirrors are set up in a light movable framework of duralumin, which can be easily manipulated so as continually to face the sun.

The reflected and concentrated rays are gathered so as to fall on, and pass through, two pyrex glass tubes, one within the other, with a high vacuum between them. This vacuum flask arrangement is to allow the heat to pass in and keep it there. In an innermost tube half an inch in diameter is a black liquid, arochlor, which has the property of absorbing nearly all the heat that reaches it, but remains liquid up to very high temperatures. Its boiling-point is nearly 1000 degrees Fahrenheit.

Such a high temperature is much more than Dr Abbot needs. When it approaches 400 degrees small electric pumps are set in motion to keep it flowing into a boiler. There it heats the water to something like 300 degrees and converts it into steam at a pressure of 175 lbs.

Like the Sundial

Last stage of all, the steam drives a motor. The 36 square feet of mirror surface operates a half horse-power engine, and in the engineering phrase is 15 per cent efficient. It is said to be three times as efficient as any of its forerunners, and though, like the sundial, it counts only the sunny hours, there is a future before this infant phenomenon.

An earlier solar heater of Dr Abbot's design was employed for some time at an astronomical observatory for various small but necessary purposes. The present one has been constructed so as to show what might be made of some of the wasted heat of the sun. It could in its present form be used for cooking, or refrigerating, or driving a lathe.

A FIVE-SHILLING NOTE

Question of Small Change

A five-shilling note is proposed for Australia by the Federal Treasurer.

He urges that a note between half-a-crown and 10s is greatly needed.

Here we need much more the substitution of small nickel coins for heavy and awkward coppers. It is a reform much overdue. The only possible objection (that a nickel might be mistaken in the dark for a silver coin) could be met by the simple expedient of boring a round or square central hole in the nickel, and by making the penny nickel rather larger than a shilling and the halfpenny nickel rather larger than a sixpence. Who would not welcome this change?

SCHOOL BROADCASTS

Next Tuesday's broadcast in the History in the Making series will be by Dr B. A. Keen, who will tell us how certain fruits and vegetables have been improved in recent years, and will go back into history with the object of comparison.

Mr Gaddum's Nature Study talk, also on Tuesday, will give plenty of opportunity for observation. Bird migration is at its height. After telling us why and how birds migrate, and describing observations of his own in a lighthouse during autumnal migration, Mr Gaddum will ask his listeners to cooperate in the work of bird-ringing, by means of which much valuable information is obtained.

England and Wales—National

MONDAY, 2.5 Controlling the Soil Moisture: by B. A. Keen. 2.30 Music, Course I. Notes of the Scale (Ray, Lah). Note Values (2): by Thomas Armstrong.

TUESDAY, 11.30 History in the Making: by B. A. Keen. 2.5 Autumn Migrants: by C. C. Gaddum. 2.30 S. P. B. Mais on Dickens's Nicholas Nickleby. 3.0 The Art of Haydn—Keyboard Music: by Thomas Armstrong.

WEDNESDAY, 2.5 The Story of Writing: by Mary Beggs. 2.30 The Oxygen Problem: by A. D. Peacock.

THURSDAY, 11.30 French Canada: by G. B. Barbour. 2.5 Finding Very Old Homes: by G. M. Bounphrey. 2.30 The People of England: by Sybil Clarke.

FRIDAY, 2.5 Canada—The Great North Land: by Alan Sullivan. 2.30 Feature Programme—Herrings: by Joan Woolcombe. 3.0 A Play with Music—Fat King Melon, by A. P. Herbert. 3.20 Music Interlude: by Scott Goddard. 3.35 Talk for Sixth Forms—Words: by A. P. Herbert.

Scottish Regional

MONDAY, 2.5 Junior Geography—The Vanished Forests: by A. W. McPherson. 2.30 English Literature—Colin Milne telling the story of Emil and the Detectives.

TUESDAY, 11.30 As National. 2.5 The Roadways of Scotland: by Professor A. G. Ogilvie.

WEDNESDAY, 2.5 and 2.30 As National.

THURSDAY, 11.30 As National. 2.5 J. Spencer Muirhead will continue his account of the week's news. 2.20 Music—Time and Tune: by Herbert Wiseman. 3.0 Scottish History—New Peoples: by Doris M. Ketelbey.

FRIDAY, 2.5 Speech Training—Whispering Sounds and Singing Sounds: by Anne H. McAllister. 2.30 Concert for Schools—Songs of the Nor' East: by Herbert Wiseman. 3.10 Nature Study—How the Seasons Influence Living Things: by Professor James Ritchie. 3.35 As National.

A BOTTLEFUL OF SOVEREIGNS

We remember giving a sovereign to a girl who thought it beautiful but did not know what it was.

Many young people have never seen a sovereign, the gold coins which in the days before the war were as familiar as pound notes are now. So there was an excuse for a young farmhand at Cattai in New South Wales who failed to recognise the treasure unearthed by his plough.

"Look at the yellow things in this bottle," he exclaimed to his master, as he handed him an old pickle bottle. The "yellow things" turned out to be sovereigns, 150 of them.

It is thought they had belonged to an old miner, who, fearing robbery by bushrangers, had buried them for safety.

1 2 3

83,000 people are employed by Canada's fisheries industry.

68,000,000 gallons of petrol were imported by New Zealand last year.

£2,400,000 is the amount subscribed to hospital contributory schemes in Great Britain every year.

£3,872,236 was the value of British revenue in wireless licences at the end of August.

£584,000,000 is the total sum held for people having accounts in the Post Office Savings Bank

TRIUMPH AT LAST

A Neglected Inventor

JOHN WILLIAM GORDON AND HIS PARALLACTER

John William Gordon, who left a valuable invention to the world after passing 83 years in it, was lawyer by profession, mathematician by choice.

His invention, which came out of his study of optics, is an illustration of Edison's saying that it took 25 years to get an idea into the public mind. It was one which was born of the existence of the aeroplane and of the possibilities of surveying by photography the ground below it.

The possibilities are immense. Aeroplane photography is employed all over the world to map unmapped regions. The Great Barrier Reef of Australia has been photographed and surveyed from the air. Remote places like British Guiana, the Orinoco, the Borneo oil-fields, Northern Rhodesia, the forests of Burma, and the Upper Nile have been scanned by the aerial surveyor's camera.

The Problem of Measurement

A specially-designed camera takes the photographs, which are afterwards joined together in a mosaic which cuts out all overlapping, and the result is an actual pictorial map. The camera can take photographs vertically below or obliquely, and does both.

The value of this method of surveying is made immensely greater if the measurements of the map when made are quite accurate. A vast tract of unknown country may be mapped from the air in a rough-and-ready way. But when a part of Great Britain, for example, or a town in it like London, is to be mapped the distances must be right to a yard.

This is what all aeroplane surveyors and our Air Force longed for, and what John Gordon's invention ensured. He tried to force it first on the War Office and then on other Government departments without success. But it is now slowly winning its way outside them, and some day, when they adopt it, they may pay a compliment to Gordon's genius.

He called his invention the Parallacter system of land survey, and he arrived at its perfecting in a rather curious way. At the beginning the method of measuring maps made from the air was, in spite of his mathematical ability and knowledge of optics, too complicated.

Big Ben in the Wrong Place

But one day, when visiting the Tate Gallery to see a new portrait of Brook Taylor, a mathematician of Queen Anne's reign, he thought of looking up at the British Museum Taylor's treatise on perspective. In it he came on a formula, based on the laws of perspective, which was just what he wanted. It enabled him, after measuring the maps taken from the air, to calculate the measurements of the areas great or small photographed by his camera.

He embodied them in his Parallacter system of land survey, which Government officials found altogether too mathematical. But he won a triumph over the departments two years ago when, in comparing maps made by his method and theirs in a large-scale Ordnance Survey of London, he was able to point out that they had put Big Ben in the wrong place.

16 MEN IN THE ICE

The bodies of 16 soldiers discovered by workers collecting war material near the Tonale Bypass have been identified as those of Austrian and Italian soldiers killed there during the war, in May 1916.

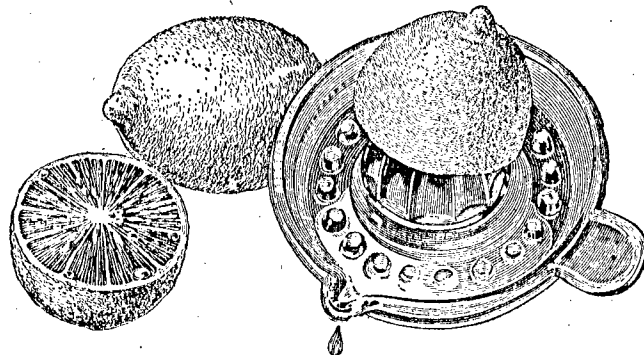
In the 20 years since their death the bodies have been preserved by the glacier ice, and it was only when the ice melted this summer that they were set free and identified.

TWO SHIES

A PENNY...



—BUT FOR TWOPENCE



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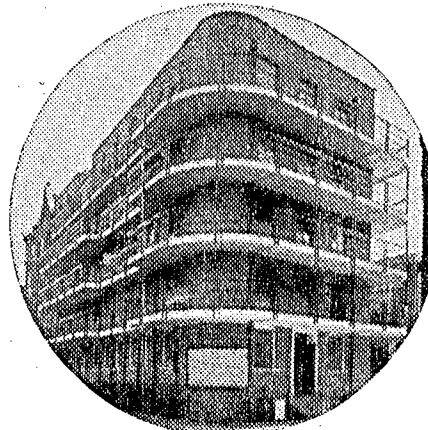
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President: H.R.H. THE PRINCESS ROYAL.

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THE CHARIOT RACE

CHAPTER 13 Call For Help

AFTER dreaming that bad dream Philip dropped off to sleep again, nor had he any means at first of judging how long it was before he awoke for the second time with the perspiration of terror drenching his limbs.

He had dreamed of his horses once more. In this new vision the sable bird of ill omen had left them, but neither Leonidas nor any other had returned to the stable. It was filled instead with whispering voices, with a ghostly, invisible whispering which went on and on. He saw the milk-whites pricking their ears, at first with mild interest, and next with an alarm which increased to panic when they realised that no human voices were speaking.

They trembled all over, and tried wildly to break from their stalls to cower close to one another.

Then suddenly, as the phantom whispering subsided, his horses, still in a frenzy, began to call out to him. He soothed them in his dream, he stepped close to each and pressed his face against its gentle cheek, thus fondling them and making much of them until he thought he had comforted them. But no sooner had he turned his back, assuring them that he was going off to fetch Critias, than again they began to call out to him to remain with them. They spoke with the speech of man. They had need of him, they told him, "ere the sun was mounting the sky."

Ere the sun shall be mounting the sky. The words were so real that when he woke with them ringing in his ears he believed that they had been actually uttered aloud by somebody who was standing beside his couch. But there was nobody except Glaucus, stretched on the other couch. He raised his own voice to Glaucus, but Glaucus slept on without hearing.

As he struggled to his feet again in the dark Philip reckoned that the night was more than half spent. He tried the door. It was fast. He felt all round the room. Beyond all doubt there was nobody there except Glaucus.

Ere the sun shall be mounting the sky—it filled his ears still, that piteous appeal from the terrified creatures. He loved them. They loved him. He knew that they loved him. And their instinct warning them of danger impending, their hearts were calling to him for help.

Thus did Philip interpret his dream.

But he could never reach them in time. By the head of his couch stood his lamp, a shallow vessel charged with oil in which the wick floated. Having struck a flint to light this he carried it across to the other couch, and, standing over his comrade, shook him by the shoulder. "Awake, Glaucus!" he entreated. "Awake thee, and hearken! For a terrible dream hath visited me."

The only answer he received was a sleepy groan.

He set down the lamp and shook Glaucus savagely. "Glaucus, thou must waken. Our steeds are in danger. They were calling for help in my dream!"

"Then back to your couch," mumbled Glaucus, without opening his eyes. "And maybe the ivory gates shall bring happier visions."

Philip screamed at him, "Leonidas must be warned, Glaucus!"

"Hey?" yawned Glaucus, raising himself on one elbow. "What manner of dream so imperative hath it been, then?"

Philip told him in haste. "Nor is the dawn far," he gasped out. "And word must be carried ere the sun shall be mounting the heavens."

"Nay, the dawn is already showing," Glaucus said drowsily. "So shatter not my last spell of slumber, vain dreamer." And with a growl of annoyance he turned his face to the wall again.

Then, and then only, there came bursting through Philip's distress a recollection which brought to his lips a great cry of relief.

"O Glaucus!" cried he. "Pallas Athene hath given me counsel. She hath shown me in what manner the word can be carried."

"Then," scoffed Glaucus, "she knoweth not that the grey mare is lame."

"Oh, listen!" begged Philip. "She hath reminded me of thee. Of thy fleetness of foot. Tis thou who shall speedily carry word to our master and warn him that disaster threatens our milk-whites."

"How so! Because you have dreamed," rejoined Glaucus derisively.

"O blind thou art," Philip went on imploringly, "not to recognise that at

Serial Story by Gunby Hadath

last the gods send thee thy chance. Thy glorious opportunity, my Glaucus, hath come! So haste thee into thy tunic and sandals, and fly."

"And who would see me running?" Glaucus said, drawing.

Philip stared. "Who would witness thee? Nay, none that I wot of."

"Then where be the glory?" drawled Glaucus. "And whence the throng's plaudits? Would you call upon me to run like a thief in the night?"

"Nay! But like a man!" besought Philip. "So often thou hast said—"

"O peace!" shouted Glaucus. "My limbs are full heavy with sleep, and verily nothing but folly guideth your tongue. Can you reckon for me the distance from here to Olympia?"

"Tis six parasangs, as Critias hath told me," sighed Philip.

"Tis more than that. Tis seven leagues, seven long leagues, Philip, my simpleton. And withal across much broken country. Could any mortal encompass that ere the sun mounteth?"

"But how many times, my Glaucus," Philip persisted, "hast thou not acclaimed thy endurance at the long distance!"

"Tis so. In the morning you shall follow me round the track and watch how tirelessly my stride covereth league after league, but never shall you see me start on such a mad journey as that whereto you entreat me while the air creepeth chill from the mountains," said Glaucus, with a shiver, "and the jagged boulders pierce the soles of my feet and the dark morass lures to destruction. So back to your couch. I have spoken."

CHAPTER 14 Philip Must Choose

Philip's patience had gone. "O Glaucus," he exclaimed fiercely, "erstwhile had I judged thee a braggart, but never a craven!" Then, without another word or look, he dressed himself hurriedly, seeking his stoutest thonged sandals and a light tunic with a girdle of woven goats-hair that Critias had given him. Next he stole to the kitchen and found some bread and

dried figs. He ate sparingly and took but a mouthful of water.

The tragedy of the grey mare's lameness in this crisis beat bitterly at his brain as he went past her stable. There was no other steed which would serve and no means of conveyance. He had naught but his legs and his sturdy body to carry him.

Though he did not suppose he could reach Olympia in time, yet he had to choose either to make the attempt or to abandon his horses in their need. Oh, better far to try and to fall by the way than to admit himself defeated before he began. But never could he forgive himself unless he tried.

With his mind in this way Philip set doggedly off, remembering how Critias had told him the other day that Olympia lay due south from the City of Elis and that all the way one kept the sea on one's right, its glimmer being visible now and then from high ground. So, having passed through the city, still fast asleep, he set his face to the south, and had struck the road between the slopes of the vineyards when the first faint streaks of daybreak parted the skies.

He took off his sandals and carried them down this long smooth road, and had been running steadily for some twenty minutes when another useful recollection returned. Critias had told him how the Olympic valley was dominated on its north by Mount Cronus. If, then, he ever managed to get anywhere near, the distant sight of Mount Cronus should help and encourage him. But would his breath last? And how much would the straggling foothills exhaust him? And the swamps resembling inviting patches of verdure, would they entrap him?

On he plodded, his anxious thoughts keeping time with his feet.

Seven leagues! How far were seven long leagues? They might stretch to the end of the world and back—who could say?—for all he knew of his power to overcome them. He panted already. And already the widening daybreak was tinting the vines.

He must reach Leonidas ere the sun shall be mounting the sky. He asked himself desperately as he struggled along whether that might portend full midday or earlier. An hour might make all the difference.

But that fear would have to wait until he'd got farther. The sudden ending of the

road through the vineyards, when it dropped to a village and emerged again as a track between crops of maize, persuaded him that he had nearly covered a league. A dog barked after him as he ran through the village, and a woman's face showed at the window of one of the cottages, but he saw no other signs of the first stir of morning.

He took his first breather before he threaded the maize.

Then on again, with a twitching pain under his ribs. He had heard tell of that. It was "stitch," according to Glaucus. And Glaucus had said that if the runner resisted this he would gain his "second wind" to carry him on. But the paltry runners, said Glaucus, dropped off the track.

Well, by Hector, he was paltry enough as a runner; but this wasn't a racing track, so one could not step off it. Accordingly the only thing for himself was to go battling on.

So he took his own wry counsel, with the pain like a knife at his ribs. So sharply it stabbed that he had a fight for each breath. He must stop—it was killing him—it was tearing him to pieces.

Ah, but this last stab had not seemed so fierce as the one before. And the next felt more dulled.

It was easing. Then quite suddenly he found he had conquered the stitch.

"Then if Glaucus," he mused, "hath spoken aright all along it would seem that I be hardly so paltry a runner." And, mightily cheered, he ran for a little way farther, then stopped to put on his sandals. For the maize fields had finished, the cultivation was ceasing, and an ugly hill much strewn with boulders loomed ahead.

Reflecting that at last his stiff work was beginning, he looped his tunic thigh high and tightened his girdle.

And now he was climbing. There was no sort of track up the hillside, and he had to zigzag his way to avoid ragged tree stumps and masses of moss-covered rock. He was halfway up, mounting very slowly and painfully, when with a whirring of wings a startled ptarmigan rose and went sailing off.

How he longed for the wings of that bird! Ah, if man could but fly! But on! For the sake of his horses. Did they sense that he was coming to them? Now Apollo lend him strength to reach them in time!

When he gained the top of the hill he threw himself down on the ground and lay at full length for a brief space, to recover his breath. Having risen again, his face lighted up with relief. For behold! Below him on the other side of the hill there was turf with the dew fresh upon it, glittering and green.

So down the hill he hastened with strides and leaps, and, after a patch of rough scrub, came to the ground where the dew glistened.

He might free himself of his sandals again, he reflected, slinging them round his neck by their thongs. This having done, he then plunged joyously on to the green—and his heart came into his mouth. For as his foot touched the ground it was seized; he staggered, thrown off his balance and clutching the air. His unwary foot had been seized by the thrice-treacherous mire.

As he realised, that was no dew which gleamed on the grasses, but the water as it oozed its way to the surface. But the knowledge had found him too late. His right foot was fast in the quagmire up to the ankle, his left foot poised most perilously on the brink. To extricate the trapped foot he must rest on the other and throw his body backward at the same time. But if he failed, and if he fell into the bog, then the slough would get up his nostrils and into his mouth, and the more he struggled the sooner would he be choked.

He must keep very cool, very cool, not surrender to panic. A grown man in this plight, he believed, might possibly have freed his foot with a jerk. Had he himself someone behind him, clasping him firmly round the waist, then he would not be frightened. But frightened he was, for the least slip might undo him.

In less than an instant of time these thoughts had flashed through him. Yet in that same instant his foot had sunk deeper. He knew he had no time to lose—not a second to lose—and, drawing a deep breath, he steadied his muscles and nerves.

He pulled, with his shoulders thrown back. But he felt them being wrenched forward. He resisted. He seemed to be fighting some vile, living monster, which was chuckling to itself as it held its prey fast. For the more he pulled the more the morass seeped and gurgled, cunningly, triumphantly, drawing him toward it.

His face was as white as a sheet now. His ears were drumming. His eyes were starting out of their sockets.

TO BE CONTINUED

DOCTOR'S ORDERS FOR JACKO

JACKO was very envious when he heard that Chimp had a mild attack of measles. "Lucky beggar!" he muttered. "Just like him to get another holiday."

One morning he told his mother that he was not feeling well, so Mrs Jacko sent him back to bed instead of school.

Presently, feeling a little uneasy, she went upstairs to have a look at him.

"Mercy me!" she exclaimed, staring

at the spots on his face. "I declare you've got measles too!"

"Thought as much!" he growled, staring at some pink stains on the cloth. "The handkerchief's got measles now."

Mrs Jacko stared at him blankly. "Er—have you any instructions, doctor?" she murmured.



"I thought as much," he growled.

"Yes," snapped Doctor Pippin. "Keep him in bed today, bread and water diet, and pack him off to school tomorrow." Then he glared at the "invalid" and stalked angrily from the room.

Jacko was in a rage too. No sooner had the door slammed than he sat up in bed, pulled a small bottle of red ink from under his pillow, and shook his fist at it. "So that's the way you've let me down!" he roared.

Then he suddenly flopped back with a groan. "Coo!" he breathed. "Now I've done it! I'd clean forgotten today was a half-holiday!"

Feeling feverish, aren't you, my lad? he asked suddenly, and requested Mrs Jacko to fetch a damp cloth.

"I dare say you could," retorted Mother Jacko. "We'll wait and see what Doctor Pippin says."

It was not long before the old gentleman arrived, and he soon began to examine his patient.

"Feeling feverish, aren't you, my lad?" he asked suddenly, and requested Mrs Jacko to fetch a damp cloth.

October 3, 1936

The Children's Newspaper



Jam Roly-Poly!

The children simply love it—and father, with a shy grin, asks for more. The jam and the tender good beef suet crust mingle their delightful flavours in one harmonious whole—delicious, satisfying, nourishing.

Hugon's

'ATORA'

The Good BEEF SUET

This inexpensive recipe is taken from the 'Atora' Book of 100 tested recipes. Send a postcard for a copy, post free from—Hugon & Co., Ltd., Openshaw, Manchester.

RECIPE

6 oz. Flour. 3 oz. Shredded 'ATORA.'
Flat teaspoonful Baking Powder.
Pinch of Salt.

Mix the flour, baking powder, salt and Suet with cold water to a stiff paste. Roll out thin, and spread over with jam, marmalade, or golden syrup. Roll over, pinch top and bottom edges together. Dip pudding cloth in boiling water, flour it, and wrap round pudding, tie ends with string. Steam for 2 hours.

(Sufficient for 4 to 6 persons.)



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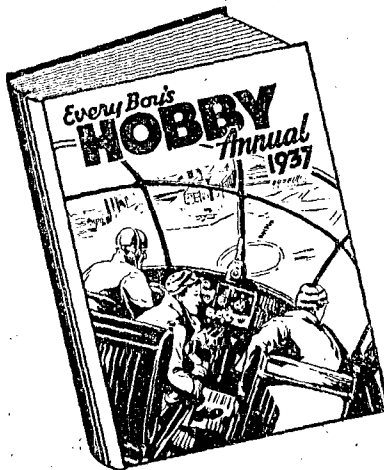
Three Grand Gift Books for the Manly Boy!



CONQUEST of the AIR in Picture and Story

EVERY boy finds a thrill in the wonders of modern flying. Here is a book packed with interesting facts and photographs explaining these wonders so that every reader can understand why great machines fly, and many other interesting things about them. Everything concerning the conquest of the air is covered in its 192 pages. There are scores of pictures, and a fine colour plate by a famous airman artist.

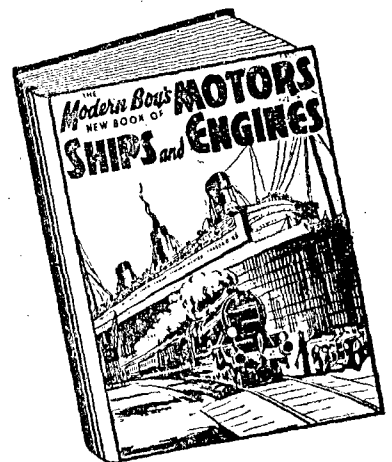
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AIRCRAFT



WHAT TO DO how to do it!

THIS splendid book tells you everything you want to know about model planes and railways, boat-building, stamps, wireless, and a score of other things. You'll find the latest tips about your favourite hobby, and ideas for many interesting new pastimes. How would you like to collect moths while you sleep?—take your own photo?—hear America direct on the radio? HOBBY ANNUAL tells you—and many other things besides—in 192 copiously illustrated pages.

Every Boy's
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BOOK OF A THOUSAND FASCINATIONS!

WHAT have the world's fastest speed cars achieved? How do the wind tunnel men assist the development of streamlined locomotives? Can you cease to wonder at the "Queen Mary"? MOTORS, SHIPS and ENGINES have never before been presented in so enthralling a way as in this magnificent book. It contains 192 pages, packed with action photographs, drawings and absorbing articles.

The Modern Boy's New Book of
**MOTORS, SHIPS
AND ENGINES**

Obtainable from all Newsagents and Booksellers

6/- each

The Children's Newspaper will be delivered every week at any house in the world for 11s a year. See below.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

October 3, 1936

Every Thursday 2d

Arthur Mee's Children's Encyclopedia will be delivered anywhere by the Educational Book Co., Tallis Street, E.C.4.

THE BRAN TUB

Transposition

CHANGE the head of a coin
And its worth is double,
While merely to add one
Would give you some trouble.

Answer next week

This Week in Nature

THE red berries of the guelder rose are now ripe. The tree on which the berries grow varies in height from six to twelve feet and thrives best in moist places. The flowers, which make their appearance in June and July, are small and white; the leaves, bright green during the summer, change to a pink or crimson hue in the autumn. On the leaf-stalk there are cup-shaped glands filled with nectar for ants, which keep the plant free from caterpillars.

In the Swim

MR AND MRS NEWRICH were discussing their future now that wealth had come their way.

"I must have some horses," said Mr Newrich, "because I want to take up polo."

"And some of them must be good swimmers," remarked Mrs Newrich, "because you must go in for water polo as well."

Find the Words

READING
across and
down, how
many words
can you find
in the square?

Answer next week

P	I	N	K	A
A	M	O	N	G
R	A	T	O	A
E	D	I	C	T
D	R	A	K	E

An Old Lady in Kent

THEY have lost an old lady in Kent

Whose nose was remarkably bent,
And the neighbours suppose
That she followed her nose,
For they cannot find which way
she went.

Other Worlds Next Week

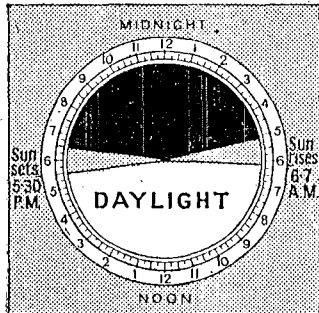
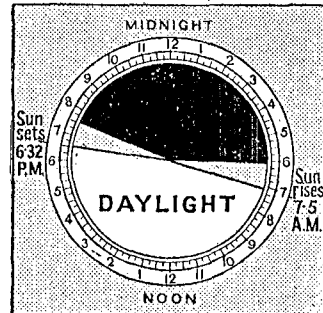
IN the evening Venus and Jupiter are in the South-West, and Saturn is in the South-East. In the morning Mars is in the South-East. The picture shows the Moon as it may be seen looking South at 8 a.m. on Tuesday, October 6.



Beads From Berries

YOU can make some very pretty beads from the bright red hips which are the fruits of the wild rose. Collect a number of the hips, which are now common in the hedges, and pinch the stalk away close to each berry. Then get a big needle and some thread, at one end of which a knot is tied. Thread the hips longways, and when the thread is full knot the other end. If the strings of berries are hung up to dry in some fairly warm place like a living-room they will wrinkle slightly, and with their deep red colour they will make most attractive beads.

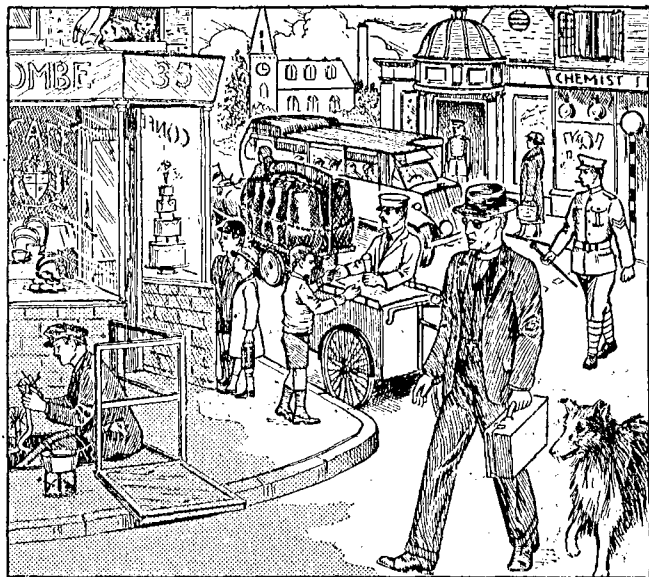
How the Day Goes Back To Greenwich Time



SUMMER TIME ends on Sunday. These two charts indicate (left) daylight, twilight, and darkness on October 3, the last day of Summer Time, and (right) on October 4, the first day of Greenwich Time.

HOW MANY CS CAN YOU SEE?

Two Awards of Ten Shillings and Twelve Other Attractive Prizes For Girls and Boys



IN this street scene are several objects with names beginning with C. Look carefully at the picture and make a note of all you can find.

The Editor offers two prizes of ten shillings each and 12 other prizes—constructional sets with which numerous mechanical models can be made, for boys; and splendid paper flower-making sets for girls. Prizes will be awarded to senders of lists with most names, and in the event of ties neatness of writing or printing will be considered.

Please remember that, although an object may be shown more than once, the name must be given once only; and the list must not be extended by including the parts of an object where this involves the repetition of the name. For example, Church may be given, but not Church steeple.

Lists may be written on a postcard or enclosed in an envelope bearing a three-halfpenny stamp, but in any case the sender's name, address, and age must be added to the list. Also, please write boldly in the top left-hand corner the number of objects named. Attempts should be addressed to C N Competition Number 10, 1 Tallis House, London, E C 4 (Comp.), to arrive not later than first post on Friday, October 9.

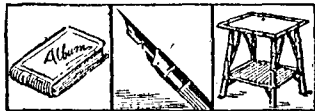
This competition is open to girls and boys of 15 or under. There is no entry fee, and the Editor's decision must be accepted as final. Families connected with the Amalgamated Press may not compete.

Enigma

ERE man first came, my early days began;
I ape each creature and resemble man.
I gently creep o'er tops of tender grass,
Nor leave the least impression where I pass.
Touch me you may, but I can ne'er be felt,
Nor ever yet was tasted, heard, or smelt;
Yet seen each day; if not, be sure at night
You'll quickly find me out by candlelight.

Answer next week

Ici on Parle Français

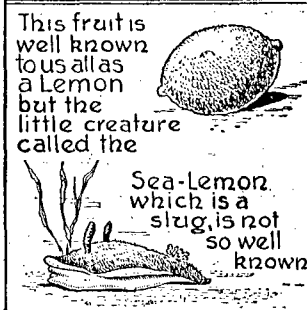


Un album La plume La table
album pen table

Marie a un album neuf. Voulez-vous écrire dedans? Il y a une plume sur la table.

Mary has a new album. Will you write in it? There is a pen on the table.

NATURE'S NAMESAKES



Noiseless

WHAT breaks without a sound?
"Dear me!
How very strange!" you say.
"Whatever can the answer be?"
It is, of course, the day!

Hidden Names

IN each of the following sentences is hidden a geographical name. Thomas is very energetic and industrious. I at once rowed over to the opposite side. Can Eva come and stay with us next week? It is most unlikely that he will agree to these terms. It is a case in every way worthy of your attention.

Answer next week

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

Transposition. Bread, beard.

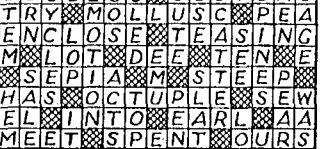
Is Your Town Here? South Shields, Westgate, Jarrow, Wigan, Sunderland, Horncastle, Wallsend, Chester.

What Rivers Are Here? Rhone, Elbe, Exe, Shannon, Lena.

Built-Up Word. V, VI, T; WIT.

Charade. Cat-a-strophe.

The C N Cross Word Puzzle



Five-Minute Story

Rescuing Puss

LOUIE and her Cousin Frank, with whom she was staying, were on their way home from a ramble.

"Can't we take the path by the stream?" Louie asked. "It's much nicer than the high road."

Frank was a bit doubtful about her suggestion.

"Frightfully muddy, I'm afraid," he remarked; "and the water may be over the path in some places after all these rains. Still, we'll try it if you like."

So they left the road for the path that fringed a swiftly flowing stream. On such a lovely autumn afternoon it was far nicer than going by the main road, and they skipped along merrily.

"It's less muddy than I thought," Frank admitted, "and though the water is not far from the path in places I think we shall be able to get along after all."

"It's over the banks higher up stream, by the look of the stuff that's being washed down," Louie said. "Just look at all the— Ooh!"

She gave a shrill cry, then pointed to something that was being whirled along on the racing water.

It was a matted mass of wood and herbage, evidently part of a bank that the swollen stream had washed away. Tangled into it was a tree branch, and on this a small cat clung in piteous helplessness.

"Come on," cried Frank, "there's a footbridge farther down, and we must get there before the cat does."

Fortunately the wooden bridge was not far away, and the pair reached it some seconds ahead of the frightened animal.

Frank clattered to the middle of the bridge, then flung himself down flat and stretched his right hand down toward the water, while with his left he hung on to one of the posts that supported the bridge's handrail.

As his hand went down toward the water the little islet swung along below him, and he was able to reach far enough to clutch a part of the tree branch. Hanging on to it firmly, he managed to hold the floating mass against the pull of the water.

"Quick, Louie!" he cried. "Come here and hang on while I hop back to the bank. It isn't very deep here, so I can wade."

So while Louie took his place, and held the little islet in check, Frank waded in and rescued poor puss.

They took him to the police station, where he was presently claimed by his grateful owner.

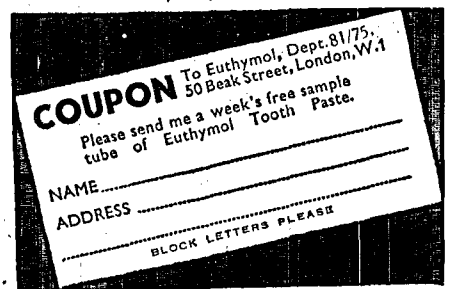


KEEP THEM CLEAN

If you take care of your teeth they will last you all your life. There is no better means of protection against dental decay germs than cleaning them morning and evening with

Euthymol TOOTH PASTE

Price 1/3 of all Chemists.



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Home-made Cakes are far the best—more wholesome, more digestible, and much more economical. You can be sure of getting good results if you follow this rule. Use plain flour and vary the amount of "raising" for different recipes, as Good Cooks always do. Make sure the "raising" you use is Borwick's Baking Powder.

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